THE SPEAKER

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THE WEEK.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS. AT HOME.

THE General Election practically began last Saturday, when the first contests in the boroughs took place. From the first, the tide of battle turned against the Liberals. This was possibly in part due to the fact that the earlier pollings—those on Saturday and Monday—included a marked preponderance of weak Liberal seats. Returning officers are supposed to be above suspicion, but the fact remains that, whether by accident or design, the seats selected for the two first days of polling were, upon the whole, those which promised most favourably for the Tory party. But although this fact undoubtedly swelled the Tory gains at the opening of the battle, and thus encouraged the professors of the cult of the jumping cat to follow what they believed to be the winning side, it would be absurd to pretend that it accounted for the sweeping Conservative victory. The election proves conclusively, so far as it has gone, that there is a great Tory reaction in the country. The number of seats in the new House of Commons which had been filled up to yesterday morning was 422. Of these 305 are filled by Tories of both sections, and 117 by Liberals or Irish Home Rulers. The Tory party has gained, so far, 65 seats, and the Liberals 10, being a net Tory gain of 55.

BY far the most startling incident of the election was the rejection, on the first day of the poll, of Sir William Harcourt and his colleague in the representation of Derby. Other members of the late Cabinet, notably Mr. John Morley, have shared Sir William Harcourt's fate; but in their case it was known that they occupied uncertain seats. At Derby everybody believed that Sir William Harcourt was absolutely safe, and his defeat was as great a surprise to the constituency itself as it was to the country at large. We have touched upon some aspects of this incident in the election elsewhere. It is only necessary to remark here that Sir William Harcourt was beaten on a battle-field of his own choosing, which was certainly not that occupied by the rest of the Liberal party. He ostentatiously adopted as his chief, if not his sole, cry at the election the Local Veto Bill, and, in doing so, he seemed anxious to cut himself as far adrift as possible from the movement against the House of Lords, and from other questions subsidiary to it. It was a great misfortune for the Liberal party that a man in the position of Sir William Harcourt should have adopted this position of quasi-independence on entering upon the great political contest. His doing so tended to prevent that concentration of the Liberal forces upon the chief question at issue which was essential to success. As matters have turned out, the course taken by Sir William has proved as unfortunate for himself as for his party. His rejection by Derby is a serious blow to his parliamentary position. We are glad to know that a safe seat has been found for him in West Monmouthshire, and that he will duly appear in the new House of Commons. We may be forgiven for expressing the hope that his recent experiences may have taught him a lesson which will make him a still more valuable servant of the Liberal party in the future than he has been in the past.

LESS startling, but certainly not less important, than the defeat of Sir William Harcourt at Derby was the rejection of Mr. Morley by the electors of Newcastle-on-Tyne. Mr. Morley held a somewhat uncertain seat, for Newcastle Liberalism has lost much of its old strength, owing to unfortunate events to which there is no need to refer further. But the splendid fight which Mr. Morley made on his appointment as Chief Secretary for Ireland in 1892, seemed to have given him a hold upon the constituency that was not likely to be shaken even in such a crisis as the present. His defeat is a real loss not to the House of Commons alone, but to the public life of the nation. He has fallen in the cause of Ireland, to which he clung with a passionate persistency that was worthy of a great man and a great people. If there was such a thing as gratitude in politics, we might expect that every Nationalist in Ireland would be ready to give up his seat in order to provide one for Mr. Morley.

SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT and Mr. Morley are not, as we have said, the only members of the late Cabinet who were rejected by their late constituencies. In Central Bradford Mr. Shaw-Lefevre was defeated by the narrow majority of 41 votes. At Nottingham Mr. Arnold Morley lost his seat by 165 votes, and at Oldham Sir John Hibbert was rejected by less than 400 votes. These serious losses were, it will be seen, inflicted upon the Liberal party by a very small number of votes; and though the defeat of such men—who were in every case replaced by unknown politicians—is a grave misfortune, it cannot be said that such majorities as these indicate any sweeping revulsion of public opinion. Another member of exceptional value who failed to secure re-election was Sir Henry Roscoe,

the representative of South Manchester. Unlike the Cabinet Ministers, to whom we have just referred, Sir Henry was not opposed by an unknown man. His antagonist was the Marquis of Lorne, the son of the Duke of Argyll, and the son-in-law of the Queen. There is nothing to be alleged against the high personal character of Lord Lorne, but we can only repeat what we have said formerly, that a man who stands in such intimate personal relations to the Sovereign ought not to take part in a heated party-conflict. His doing so is distinctly unfair to an opponent who cannot boast of the factitious importance which Lord Lorne derives from his marriage; and it is, we think, still more unfair to the Sovereign herself.

We cannot enumerate the whole of the losses that have been sustained on either side, though we may, in passing, express our great regret at the temporary disappearance from the House of a man of such brilliant capacity as Mr. Herbert Paul, and of so distinguished a lawyer as Mr. Fletcher Moulton. These, and other losses that might be named, have distinctly impoverished, not merely the Liberal party, but the House of Commons as a whole. On the other hand, there are some losses which are in reality gains to the party that has sustained them. Of these it is only necessary to mention the defeat of Mr. Keir Hardie. We have not the slightest wish to impugn the honesty of this gentleman; but, in recognising his honesty, we must do so at the cost of his intelligence. Professing to be filled with zeal for social and political reform, he not only set himself, from the moment when he entered Parliament, to the task of bringing Labour representation into public contempt, but he devoted himself with even greater assiduity to the work of assisting the enemies of reform and of popular progress. By his efforts, and by the help of money which certainly did not come from any Liberal source, a number of valuable seats have been wrested from the Liberal party and transferred to reactionary Tories. His defeat has been hailed with delight by every Liberal and every real friend of the working classes.

We deal more fully elsewhere with the question of the Independent Labour candidates, who were started generally under the auspices of Mr. Keir Hardie. Not one of these gentlemen has secured a seat in the new House of Commons, though they have, in not a few cases, ensured the success of Tory candidates. We cannot pretend to be surprised at the desperate efforts which are now being made by Tory writers to disavow their tools, these Independent Labour candidates. But it is ridiculous to suppose that any persons of common intelligence will be misled by these efforts, or will be induced to believe that Independent Labour candidates drew votes equally from Tories and Liberals. The whole history of the Independent Labour movement is a history of folly and vanity on the part of the so-called Labour candidates, and of unscrupulous duplicity on the part of their secret patrons, the Tory wire-pullers. The latter have been playing with fire in encouraging these men, and though their tactics have been rewarded in this election with a partial success, we are greatly mistaken if they have not reason before long to regret a policy as dangerous as it is immoral.

Taking a survey of the whole course of the elections, the most prominent features will be seen to be the wholesale defection of Lancashire and the cotton district generally from the Liberal party, and the recrudescence of Toryism in London. If it had not been for these features of the election the result would have been very different from that which we now see. Manchester and its dependencies have been undermined in part by the bimetallist craze, and in part by the selfish opposition of the cotton spinners to the Indian cotton duties. It was on the cry of "Perish India!" that most of the Lancashire seats were won. In London the reaction of municipal Toryism was at the root of the change in Parliamentary representation. The County Council had done too much for the people of London to suit the timidity and apathy of the ordinary Parliamentary voter, whilst nowhere else has the drink traffic been exerted more actively on behalf of the Tory party. The Local Veto Bill has, indeed, been the determining influence in this General Election, and the contest through which we are now passing has established one fact, at least, beyond dispute—that is, that the public needs further enlightenment and education before it can be induced to accept any great measure of temperance reform.

An anonymous correspondent, writing from the Reform Club, has drawn from the Duke of Devonshire a feeble statement, apparently meant to reassure those old Liberals who see, with dismay, that they have now been swallowed up by the Tory party. Such men undoubtedly are to be found in the ranks of the defunct Liberal-Unionist party, though they are apparently by no means a numerous body. We cannot conceive that their fears will be allayed by the Duke of Devonshire's attempted explanation. The Duke himself frankly admits that he attaches little importance to the distinction between alliance and fusion, though he objects strongly to having the name of Tory imposed upon him, and would prefer that the whole Tory party should, for the future, be described as Unionist. This, we need hardly say, is a designation which no Liberal will allow to the coalition now in power. To permit it to assume the name of Unionist would be to acknowledge that there is a certain measure of truth in the silly falsehood which describes the Liberals of to-day as Separatists. No Liberal is hurt by this ridiculous outcome of Tory spite; but as no living Liberal is in any sense of the word a Separatist, he cannot acquiesce in the attempt of the new Tory Government and party to hide their identity under the misleading name of Unionist. Coercionist might be permissible, if the coalition prefer that to their proper description.

The first of the many questions that will soon divide "the party of vested interests" is already upon them, and is being energetically ventilated in the *Standard* and *St. James's Gazette*. The prolonged drought and the insufficient provision made by the East London Water Company have brought its district to the verge of a water famine, and indignant householders are writing to the Tory papers in question to ask why they should pay for water they do not get. Moreover, the papers in question are warning the companies—as they were warned before, after the frost last winter—that they had better set their arrangements in order, or the County Council will be "harrying them again." Now, here is a chance for the Tory Democrats to whom London has thought fit to trust so large a part of her representation. They profess to be working-class; they are probably supported by a majority of the lower middle-classes; and the question that really touches the great heart of that class in London is—rates. If these members really want to represent their constituents, they will give the water companies some lively times in the House. But, then, what becomes of the solidarity of the party, in view of the vested interests which it is pledged to defend?

ABROAD.

The horrible murder perpetrated on Monday evening at Sofia will probably set the Balkan States ablaze more speedily and effectually than that rising in Macedonia which the Powers have done their utmost to keep down and the semi-official Press to

minimise. To Bulgaria itself it may be the first blow in a civil war; and the charges of complicity openly made against Prince Ferdinand by the ex-Premier's organ at Sofia, and echoed by the Press of Vienna and Berlin, suggest that one of the earliest consequences of the deed may be his compulsory abdication, and that, whether he abdicates or not, he will have very little support in the immediate future from the states most friendly to Bulgaria in the past. For the sake of recognition by Russia—which, as we point out elsewhere, is now to be accorded in a partial and very dangerous form—Bulgaria has thrown away all her chances as chief heir-presumptive to the Porte.

MEANWHILE the rising in Macedonia continues. An attempt has been made by the Porte to check it, and to keep Bulgaria quiet by ceding back to her certain territory in the Rhodope district which was assigned to Turkey under the Treaty of Berlin. But a further complication has arisen by the immigration of a number of Greek filibusters, determined to assert the claims of their own nationality against the Bulgarians of the province. The Greek Government is in no condition to check them, and will certainly be forced on by public opinion to champion the cause of Hellenism the moment the break-up begins—if, indeed, it has not already begun.

BEFORE its adjournment last Saturday, the French Chamber passed a motion—which M. Ribot had to accept with a good grace—inviting the Government to consider the reorganisation of the Council of the Legion of Honour: inasmuch as M. Eiffel's name still stands on the roll of members, in spite of his connection with the Panama scheme. As his conviction had been quashed by the Court of Cassation, the Council had a fairly good defence, but in view of the motion they have resigned *en masse*. This gives a much-needed opportunity for the reorganisation of the government of the Order. But the organs of the Ministry are asking, What next? If the Chamber is to censure the Council of the Legion of Honour, why not the Council of State or the Court of Cassation?

THE German Social Democratic Congress is this year to meet at Breslau. That city, the resting-place of the mortal remains of Ferdinand Lassalle, is probably selected for its comparative proximity to the eastern districts of Prussia, where the agricultural population are most oppressed and least contented, and consist for the most part of mere labourers working for wage on large estates. Accordingly the most important part of the programme is agrarian. It includes the abolition of all administrative, political, and fiscal privileges of landholding; the extension of State and communal ownership (partly by securing the State or the commune the right of pre-emption, partly by abolishing the holding of land in mortmain by corporations or the Church); the administration of such land by the State or the communs; the nationalisation of mortgages and reduction of the interest upon them; State insurance against losses in agriculture (by storms, for example, or cattle disease); compensation for damage by game, and the concession to every occupier of the right to kill game on his land. In the main it is a Possibilist programme, which would probably, *mutatis mutandis*, be accepted by a good many reformers in England, apart from the ardent advocates of "nationalisation." Certainly the population of Eastern Prussia—whose liberty of migration the landlords want to restrict that labour may be cheap—should prove a fertile soil for Socialist teaching.

AS we prophesied last week, the semi-official Italian press is using the hospitality shown to the Italian fleet at Portsmouth as a proof of the intimate connection between the interests of England and Italy, and in support of Signor Crispi's government. The *Tribuna* of Rome goes so far as to say that the Queen's speech at the opening of Parliament will contain frank and explicit declarations as to the solidarity of the two nations—declarations which will put the coping stone to the edifice constructed by the festivities at Portsmouth and by an important series of agreements between our Government and that of Italy, with the conclusion of which those festivities coincide. However, it is not altogether impossible that, when the Queen's speech comes to be delivered, Signor Crispi's Government may have broken up. The *Times* correspondent at Rome has prepared the world for a break-up of the solid Ministerial majority on the details of the Budget. The interests affected are stronger than the ties of the party of order, and while economy and sound finance are popular enough in the abstract, it is extremely difficult, as everyone knows, to ensure them in any given instance. Thus, on Tuesday last, the Minister of War proposed to defer the calling out of certain reservists, but the Generals in the Senate opposed him, he was defeated, and there is some talk of his resignation. A still greater danger is that the Chamber has twice recently been found, when a division was necessary, to be without a quorum. Rome is unhealthy at this season, and the attendance of deputies, which is often relatively small, is now becoming smaller than ever, and Signor Crispi has found it necessary to summon his followers and exhort them not to depart. But it must be remembered that the majority consider Signor Crispi indispensable, and that, if they simply stay away and fail to support him, he can always, in the last resort, continue to raise taxes by Royal decree.

MEANWHILE, the indefatigable Signor Cavallotti has just completed a new attack on Signor Crispi's character, which was to be published on Thursday afternoon. It consists, in the main, of an information addressed to the Public Prosecutor, containing formal charges against the Premier, under the appropriate articles of the Italian penal code, of perjury, conspiracy, corruption, and fraudulent borrowing. A letter of personal explanation is prefixed, besides some evidence of the feeling provoked in the country (grandiloquently described as "the plebiscite of Italy against Crispi's misconduct"). We trust the Radical leader understands his public. But to foreign observers these laboured repetitions in many thousands of words of charges that have definitely missed their mark, drowned as they are in a torrent of denunciatory rhetoric, seem to be so many tactical mistakes. The Public Prosecutor is not at all likely to do anything; and lamentable as is the public morality of the Italian Kingdom, it will not be mended by a fresh failure to arouse the public to a sense of its duty. The feeling of the country must be evinced by acts, not by mere newspaper protests.

IN Belgium an active agitation, which may have serious consequences for the stability of the kingdom, has been provoked by the ultra-Clerical and reactionary Education Bill brought forward by the present Government. In 1842 each commune was required by law to provide one primary school at least. In 1879 these schools were definitely freed from clerical control, the clergy, however, being allowed to come in and give religious instruction at stated times to those children whose parents desired them to receive it. In 1884 the Clericals, then in power, passed a law allowing the communes, subject to certain limitations, to substitute voluntary schools

IF housekeepers are in earnest in wishing to benefit the unemployed in East London, they should buy BRYANT & MAY'S Matches, and refuse the foreign matches which are depriving the workers in East London of a large amount in weekly wages.

—which had been established in considerable numbers by the Clerical party in consequence of the law of 1879—for their secular communal schools, or to adopt them concurrently, the communes paying two-thirds of the expenses, and having great liberty in the way of decreasing the numbers of the existing schools. Naturally, economy allied itself with orthodoxy, as in England, and the voluntary schools drove out the State schools, to the detriment, not only of religious liberty, but of secular instruction. The new Bill is even more retrograde. Not only does it give the voluntary schools increased privileges with regard to participation in the Government grants, which cover one-sixth of the cost of the schools—the remaining one-sixth being provided by the provincial finances—but it makes religious instruction compulsory in every school, as it was from 1842 to 1879, exemption being accorded only on the written demand of the parents. It is easy to see what an amount of petty persecution may be occasioned by such a requirement, especially in a rural district—and the rural districts are generally ultra-Clerical.

THE first effect of the Bill has been to reunite all sections of the Opposition—even the Socialists joining with the hated Liberal bourgeoisie—in active protest against the scheme. The Senate and the Chamber are under Clerical domination, but the Crown is publicly urged to exercise its veto. A prominent Socialist deputy has even declared that if it does not do so the next cry will be "*Vive la République.*" A considerable street demonstration, mostly, it would seem, composed of middle-class elements, was held in Brussels last Sunday, in preparation for a much larger concourse on the last Sunday in the month. The course taken by the ultra-Clericals is extremely impolitic. During the last electoral campaign there were signs that the cry of "Down with the Clericals" was becoming effete. Very little was heard of it, and when one of the speakers of the advanced Radicals denounced the Clericals at a party meeting he was met with such cries as "Your watch is too slow," "You are behind the times." But an ultra-Clerical Government has jumped at the chance of placating its clerical and rural supporters by appealing both to their religious feelings and to their desire to save the rates. Even M. Beernaert, the former Conservative Premier, and M. de Lantsheere, also a Conservative and an ex-president of the Chamber, have condemned the Bill. The debate began on Thursday and led to a noisy scene—the first, probably, of many disturbances in the country as well as in the Chamber.

LITERATURE, ETC.

THE short story which is the triumph of modern literary art sometimes realises the "purgation of pity and fear," in the sense which Aristotle, according to the best modern commentators, did not adopt. It "excites pity and fear in the minds of the spectators," but not in such an effectual way as to still those passions and purge them out. It merely purges them of all alien material by arousing them in an unadulterated and intense form, and stopping short before a reaction is possible. These remarks are suggested by the current number of the *Yellow Book* (London: John Lane). Such stories as George Egerton's "The Captain's Book," Mr. Marriott Watson's "The Dead Wall," and Mr. Enoch Bennett's "A Letter Home," leave us with our feelings harrowed up by their power and pathos, but with a consciousness that we are no better for the process, but rather grown worse. We are made unhappy and left hopeless. We cannot quite say the same of the first story in the number, Mr. Henry James's account of an unsuccessful but artistic author. It is too esoteric, too much like studio talk, too carefully written—at least, for a reviewer in a hurry — to excite our feelings much. Moreover, it is half humorous all through. The book contains also some very attractive verse—notably two sonnets by Mr. Theodore Watts—some curious allegories, some "prose fancies"—the politics of a literary man—by Richard Le Gallienne, and some remarkably beautiful pictures, as well as some which strike us as remarkable only in their oddity. It is all, or almost all, amazingly clever, and it is curiously un-"decadent"—as decadence has recently been understood.

THE more solid American magazines this month are chiefly interesting for the light they throw on transatlantic politics. The most important of the articles of more general interest in the *North American Review*—Mr. Gosse on the decay of literary taste—is dealt with more fully in another column. Max Nordau pounds his critics of last month, the painter and the poet, with considerable vigour, and convicts these specialists of inaccuracy in their own respective subjects. In his constructive effort, if it can be so called, in the *Forum*, he seems a good deal less effective. Apparently his chief means of protecting society against the degenerates is to get the papers not to notice them—which is hardly a practicable end in the case of modern journalism; least of all in America, where the public, especially the great public of the West, which has literary aspirations, must, above all things, feel sure that it is up-to-date. A certain recent event, which need not be further specified, has, we think, proved more effectual in keeping down the exhibition of the symptoms in question among ourselves than any conspiracy of silence on the part of the Press. We also notice (to return to the *North American Review*) an examination of the feats of Fenimore Cooper's heroes by Mark Twain, which need not be further particularised, and a rather damaging review by Mr. Theodore Roosevelt of Kidd's "Social Evolution," pointing out the extreme looseness of his terminology, which lumps together under "religion" such diverse creeds as that of England and that of the Soudan.

AS to the American articles, the most attractive, and disappointing, is that on the history of the grain trade for the last thirty years, apparently by a merchant of Toledo, Ohio. It tells us very little, and is chiefly remarkable for an emphatic commendation of speculation in "grain futures," inasmuch as when times are very bad speculators fix future prices rather higher, and so are led to assume the burden of the surplus wheat which actually exists. But other authorities tell us that "futures" help to keep prices down by producing the impression of over-supply, and we hardly see that the above-mentioned advantage affords sufficient compensation. From articles by "Coin" (W. H. Harvey) on his own book (a plea for free silver), we learn that the teaching of the Gospels on "usury" has been pressed into the cause of the "free silver" men. In the *Forum* Mr. Frederic Harrison gives a friendly and not too favourable estimate of Charles Kingsley's place in literature, but the rest of the number is mainly American in its interest (apart from Herr Nordau's article mentioned above). "The Confessions of an American Literary Hack" gives a good deal of detailed and amusing information as to the earnings of that useful class. They do not appear to do much better than in England—he averages slightly under five thousand dollars a year, and he seems high up in the profession—in spite of the fact that the Americans are a reading people.

OBITUARY.

M. STEFAN STAMBULOFF, who succumbed early on Thursday morning to the terrible injuries inflicted on him by his assassins, may fairly be called the maker of Bulgaria and of the fortunes of its Prince. The

son of a small proprietor in the Peasant State, he had attempted—but failed—to find his vocation in the priesthood, and after vicissitudes which at least gave him discipline, had passed through the usual educational course of the statesmen of young nations. First a revolutionist, then a refugee, then a leading politician, he became known to Europe by his defence and restoration of Prince Alexander after the attempted Russophil revolution in 1886. On that Prince's final retirement it was he who found Prince Ferdinand, who secured his election, and subsequently even obtained him his wife. Taking as he did the privileges of a maker, his threats to withdraw his support were at length taken seriously by the man he had made. He has now fallen before the personal and political enmities for which it must be admitted he had given ample occasion. It remains to be seen how long his work will survive his loss.

THE Marquis of Exeter had represented Lincolnshire and North Northamptonshire in the House of Commons as a Conservative before succeeding to the title in 1867.—Mr. J. T. Carrodus was well known as a violinist.—Herr Karl Schenk, the Swiss Minister for Home Affairs, had been six times President of the Republic. In early life a Protestant pastor, he had long been a leader of the Bernese Radicals.—Herr August Reichensperger had helped to found, so long ago as 1852, the Catholic Centre party in Germany, and had been one of its chief leaders until his retirement from active politics about ten years ago. He has left a more enduring monument than party activity can provide by his connection with the completion of Cologne Cathedral.

THE SWING OF THE PENDULUM.

THE pendulum has swung with a vengeance in this election of 1895. Prepared as we were for the triumph of the Tory Coalition which has just been installed in power, we must frankly confess that, like the rest of the world, we were wholly unprepared for so sweeping a change in the strength of parties as that which has been witnessed during the past week. By-and-by we shall be able to sum up the lessons which this great reverse must teach the Liberal party. For the present our duty is to recognise the magnitude of the disaster and to glance at some of the causes which have contributed to it. As to the completeness of our defeat, it would be ridiculous to make any attempt to minimise it. The plain fact that we have lost seats in every division of the United Kingdom, and that boroughs, counties, and villages have all contributed to these losses, deprives us of the poor kind of consolation which the political meteorologist usually permits himself in moments of disaster. We have only one duty to perform, and that is to recognise the fact that we have been beaten—beaten as badly as in 1886 or 1874—and that consequently there is for the moment an end to Liberal Government and the progress of Liberal ideas in Parliament. Yet the more fully we recognise what has happened the more readily shall we find some solid comfort amid our reverses. Last week we remarked, in anticipation of a disaster, that the Liberal party being the party of life would continue to live and to advance even if it were beaten at the polls. The party may for the moment have been paralysed; but the cause remains, as full of virtue and as rich in promise as it ever was. We have mentioned two dates that are memorable in the history of English Liberalism for the disasters associated with them. Looking back, everybody can now see how small a matter defeat really was in 1874, when for a moment it seemed as though the Liberal party had been annihilated. Six years sufficed to restore the beaten Minister to power at the head of the strongest Government of the time. Even 1886, when Liberalism was supposed by its enemies to have disappeared from the scene for ever, was followed by 1892. There is not the slightest reason, therefore, for the kind of despair which seems to prevail in some quarters. The more violently the pendulum has swung in one direction, the more certain will be its ultimate recoil in the other. This fact, whilst it must encourage those who stand to-day in the position of a defeated party, might well temper the unseemly arrogance with which the more vulgar allies of the Anti-Liberal Coalition are rejoicing over a victory that, in the very nature of things, can only be a temporary one.

But what are the causes of the disasters that have been recorded this week? We do not think it necessary to blame the tactics of our opponents for our defeat. After all, it was the business of the Coalition to beat us if they could, and though in the course of the conflict they may have used some weapons of which fair-minded and honourable men can hardly approve, we have no right to complain because they succeeded in their great enterprise. The vital question that Liberals have to consider is whether they themselves contributed in any manner to their own defeat. We believe that the answer to that question must be in the affirmative. No great political party meets with a reverse like this unless it has contributed by its own errors to the result. We may rest assured that the Tories would not have beaten us this week if we had not helped them to do so. What was the real cause of our weakness? Unquestionably it was the division of opinion, if not of motive, among those who ought to have been our leaders. When Mr. Gladstone withdrew he left us as his last legacy a solemn charge to undertake a work upon the performance of which the whole future of Liberalism in this country must depend. His successor, to whom so heavy a burden of power and responsibility was entrusted, was loyal to the spirit and the policy of the great man who had laid aside his armour. Lord Rosebery did not stand by idly at the moment when the Liberal party, carrying out Mr. Gladstone's injunction, entered upon the campaign against the House of Lords. He placed himself at the head of the attacking army, and strove with all his might to concentrate the movement of the party upon this one great object in which all minor questions were included. Where was the loyal seconding he had a right to expect from his colleagues? We have no desire to embitter questions that will yet have to be fought out to the end. We are still face to face with the common foe, and recriminations are for the moment alike unprofitable and indecent. But the cartoon in the current number of *Punch* touches upon one personal question that cannot be ignored, and that sooner or later will have to be settled in the light of day. In the meantime there is no reason why we should hesitate to affirm that the most potent cause of the disaster from which we are now suffering was the failure of the leading members of the late Government—the Prime Minister always excepted—to take up the question of the House of Lords with the vigour and determination we had a right to expect from them, after Mr. Gladstone's final utterance in Parliament, and after the unanimous expression of opinion evoked at the Leeds Conference twelve months ago. The Liberal army was ready for the fray. Its members knew that a long and severe struggle was before them, but they had no fear of the issue. Yet month after

month of last autumn was allowed to slip past unimproved, and Lord Rosebery, struggling with difficulties more serious than any other Prime Minister of our time has had to contend with, was left by his chief lieutenants almost absolutely unsupported. Under these circumstances what could have happened except that which has happened? The Liberal party entered upon the election under conditions that made defeat inevitable.

Fortunately defeat was not only inevitable; it was at the same time very wholesome. The party manifestly needed the stern discipline of adversity to bring it back to a healthy mind and a sound body. Apart from those personal matters at which we have glanced, there was much in the condition of the Liberals during the last months of the late Administration that recalled their condition in the closing days of the 1868 Government. Sections of the party put unreasonable pressure upon Ministers in order to secure precedence for their own pet schemes. Individual members aired their grievances, real or imaginary, and their fads, wise or the reverse, with a persistency that constituted a serious embarrassment to the Government. And whilst there was this lack of loyal and cordial co-operation in the House, attempts were made in the constituencies to dragoon candidates into the adoption of measures for which neither they nor the majority of the voters had any real liking. Nobody could see what was going on without feeling convinced that we were preparing for ourselves another crisis like that of 1874. Now that it is upon us, we shall be better employed in examining ourselves and in seeing how far we can get rid of our own faults than in heaping abuse upon our opponents. The sorrowful part of the defeat that has befallen us —that which constitutes its real sting—is the reflection that we might, after all, have so easily avoided it. How to retrieve it, how to get back to the position from which we ought never to have been driven, and how to recover our power of advancing the cause of social and political reform, are the questions that have the chief interest for us in the immediate future. If we give our minds to them and determine to profit by the lesson we have just received, the swing of the pendulum will tell as decisively in our favour when the next appeal is made to the country as upon this occasion it has told in favour of our opponents.

SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT'S DEFEAT.

UNDOUBTEDLY the most dramatic incident of the General Election, so far as it has hitherto proceeded, has been the rejection of Sir William Harcourt by the electors of Derby. The defeat of the leader of one of the two great parties in the House of Commons at a contested election is in any case a very unusual event. Sir William Harcourt's defeat at Derby last Saturday was not merely unusual, but absolutely unexpected. Until the moment when the figures which announced the victory of two unknown Tories as members for Derby were received at the clubs on Saturday night, there was nobody who dreamed that Sir William Harcourt's seat could possibly be in danger. The explanation of this remarkable reverse is one that everybody will be interested in ascertaining. Sir William held a great position not only in the House of Commons, but in the eyes of the general public. He had been Mr. Gladstone's deputy during that statesman's last leadership, and when Mr. Gladstone retired, though he did not succeed him in the premiership, he succeeded him almost as a matter of course as leader of the Representative Chamber. In that capacity he showed tact and resourcefulness, and secured the favour, not only of his own party, but of the Opposition. Yet, despite the great part he played in public life, he was rejected by Derby in the ballot of last Saturday. Since Greenwich preferred a gin distiller to Mr. Gladstone, there has been no surprise equal to this at a General Election. It is too soon to try to learn the moral of these elections as a whole, but it is not too soon to try to master the lesson that is taught by the result of this particular contest. Sir William Harcourt, it is clear, fell largely owing to causes which were of his own creation. For reasons that it is not necessary to weigh, and that by no means imply anything discreditable to himself, he chose to adopt something very like an independent line when he appealed to his old constituents to re-elect him. The ex-Premier, acting as the mouthpiece of the accredited organ of Liberal opinion—the National Liberal Federation—had indicated with unmistakable clearness the question upon which in the opinion of most Liberals the General Election ought to be fought. Sir William Harcourt preferred to fight his own battle upon another question, and practically to confine the issue set before the Derby electors to that issue alone. The Local Veto Bill became his battlehorse, and upon that he rode forth to confront his antagonists, one of whom bears, we are informed, in his own locality, an exceptional reputation for his piety. We can honour any man who deliberately stakes his political fortunes upon such a cause as that of temperance reform. Sir William Harcourt has fallen in the battle, but we feel sure that his opponents are by no means proud of their victory. The virtuous Mr. Bemrose, who represents, we are assured, the godliness of Derby, can hardly care to dwell upon the fact that he owes his seat to the efforts of the traders in that traffic which men of all parties agree in regarding as our greatest national curse. But though all the honours in this particular conflict remain with Sir William Harcourt and all the shame rests upon his opponents, the nominees of the publicans, the whole lesson of the election is not to be summed up in this statement. There is at least one other lesson which it will be well to bear in mind.

Sir William Harcourt would, we think, have been better advised if, instead of taking this line of his own, he had been content to follow the lead of his official chief. Even he must now acknowledge that it was the ex-Premier who showed the keener appreciation of the tendency of the times and the finer instinct of statesmanship. No doubt the cause of temperance is one that may well command the enthusiastic support of the best men amongst us. For our part we trust that the Liberal party having made this cause its own, will never consent to relinquish it. But Sir William Harcourt pinned his fortunes at Derby not merely to a cause, but to a particular Bill. We have so often expressed our opinion with regard to the licensing system, that it hardly seems necessary to repeat it. The Local Veto Bill for which Sir William Harcourt was responsible, was accepted by Liberals generally by no means with enthusiasm. They regarded it, however, as something which would satisfy a most admirable and deserving body of politicians who had been labouring strenuously for many years under many difficulties and discouragements to secure the application of their pet remedy to our national disease. In these circumstances Liberals were perfectly willing to give the Local Veto Bill a trial. Many of us had some doubts as to whether it was likely to prove an effectual remedy, but it was at least a step in the right direction, and as such it was welcomed by right-minded men. But comparatively few members of the Liberal party sympathised with the uncompromising

attitude which Sir William Harcourt, as Chancellor of the Exchequer and leader of the House of Commons, saw fit to assume with regard to this Bill. Still fewer must have been prepared to see him adopt the same attitude when, the Liberal Ministry having been defeated and the Liberal House of Commons dissolved, he found himself once more face to face with his constituents. It is notorious that among temperance reformers themselves there are wide differences of opinion as to the remedy which is best adapted to the evil with which we have to deal. It was surely a mistake in these circumstances for Sir William Harcourt to make himself a strenuous and uncompromising advocate of one particular remedy, and that a remedy to which many good men entertain a strong aversion. However, Sir William took, as he was undoubtedly entitled to do, his own position in the battle; he fought upon his own ground, and now that he has suffered defeat he is probably wiser than he was before this misfortune overtook him. He has learned a truth which some of us have endeavoured to impress upon him before the event of last week, the truth, namely—that the cry for Local Veto is not the most popular one with which a Minister or ex-Minister can go to the country. It was the raising of that cry in 1874 that did much to bring about the great disaster of that year. Apparently it is having a similar effect in 1895.

But although we are compelled to speak thus of the Local Veto Bill and the Local Veto panacea for the evil of the drink traffic, we must affirm distinctly that the Liberal party cannot afford to give up its championship of temperance reform, even if it were to desire to do so. It has made itself, in defiance of the bishops and the clergy of the Church of England, the chief instrument in advancing this greatest and most necessary of all reforms, and come weal come woe, we trust that it will remain faithful to the cause it has thus espoused. But it seems to us that it is time that Liberals got rid of the notion that the only remedy for the evils of the drink trade is the Local Veto Bill. For our part, long before Ministers adopted this measure, we advocated other methods of reform, which we believe would prove far more efficacious in dealing with the national evil than the Veto Bill, and which we also believe would meet with less resistance from the representatives of the drink traffic. We entertain the greatest respect for Sir Wilfrid Lawson and for the noble-minded men who have devoted a lifetime to the advocacy of the Local Veto because they believe it to be the one great remedy for our national intemperance. But by this time we may hope that most of them begin to realise the fact that whether their Bill be all that they suppose or not, it is at least a Bill which does not find favour with the electors of the United Kingdom. We trust that in these circumstances they will consent to join temperance reformers who are not committed to their particular panacea in devising some method for dealing with the drink traffic that may at least have the advantage of being practicable. A very eminent statesman has been now sacrificed on the altar of Local Veto. With this sacrifice we trust that even the most ardent devotees of that system will rest satisfied.

LIBERALISM AND INDEPENDENT LABOUR.

THE Independent Labour party bids fair, before the present fight is over, to have transferred something like twenty seats straight out to the Tory party, counting, of course, twice that number on a division. In this estimate we reckon only those constituencies in which an Independent Labour candidate has actually been run. In how many other constituencies we have either lost a seat or failed to capture one through the abstention which the Independent Labour leaders have counselled it is, of course, impossible to ascertain; but it is reasonable to suppose that in not a few others their action — or inaction — has been a decisive factor. All this is quite compatible with their being a very insignificant body in the aggregate themselves, for very insignificant numbers do obviously hold the balance in a great many English constituencies. At all events, they have in no case done more than "register a pious opinion at the bottom of the poll," and their own chief champion, Mr. Keir Hardie, was rejected by a very substantial majority at South West Ham, where he had previously, and before his peculiar methods had become known, been elected with plenty to spare. The Independent policy, then, has been a wrecking policy pure and simple; it has achieved no results of any kind for labour, unless it is a result to have made considerable additions to the Tory strength. From this point of view Mr. Keir Hardie and his friends have undoubtedly had a measure of success—indeed, we expect to hear from them that the success has exceeded their wildest hopes.

Our present purpose, however, is not to argue or remonstrate with the Independent Labour party: their motives, we must suppose, are intelligible and satisfactory to themselves, and there we must leave them. But there are a few words to be said about the attitude of the Liberal party to these men, and the present is an opportune time to say them. First of all, it is perfectly useless to show any loss of temper or to indulge in any recriminations about the mischief done this week; but the facts must be squarely faced and met, so far as they can be met, before another election. Let us, for this purpose, briefly recall what has happened at the last two elections. In the first place, the utmost efforts have been made by the Liberal party managers outside and by the Liberal leaders within the House of Commons to make the peace. All legitimate influence has been brought to bear upon constituencies to accept advanced Labour candidates, everything within reason has been done to conciliate them. These efforts have, so far, been absolutely fruitless, for the simple reason that the Keir Hardieites have avowed themselves open enemies of the Liberal party who were unwilling to make peace on any terms. Liberals, in fact, could only have avoided the quarrel by incontinently withdrawing wherever an Independent Labour candidate chose to put in an appearance. Even so, nothing more would have been done than to present the seat to the Tories, for it is very clear from certain experiments that the Independent Labour man cannot carry the safest Liberal seat, even though he is alone in the field. Why, indeed, should he, when it is his special line to denounce the Liberals?

Now, this being so, it is surely time that the Independent Labour men should be taken at their word, and fought instead of courted. Any other line seems to us, in the light of recent events, both foolish and undignified. It does not do in politics to turn the other cheek to the smiter, for the smiter continues to smite, and the smitten is merely demoralised. Moreover, in the present case, there are real substantial differences between the Liberal and Socialist Labour parties which cannot be ignored or glozed over. Liberals are not prepared to nationalise everything without compensation, they do not regard employers as enemies, it is not their line to obstruct everything until they can get the impossible. That being so, it is particularly foolish to do anything which may lead practical people to suppose

that this is their policy. The Moderates made their chief gains at the recent County Council elections by persuading Londoners that their opponents were visionaries and theorisers instead of practical men of business. In precisely the same way, and with the same measure of success, the Tories have endeavoured to persuade the electorate that the Liberals are dreamers and revolutionaries instead of sober politicians. Nothing was farther from the truth about a Government whose chief claim to credit was founded on real hard work in the House of Commons and in the departments. But some colour was lent to it by the vain efforts to conciliate the Socialist Labour party, and by the fancied complicity of the Liberal party in the Socialist resolutions at the Norwich Trades Congress.

Now the moral of all this, it seems to us, is that for the future the Liberal party must take up the challenge thrown down by the Independent Labour party and fight them, as they fight the Tories. This does not mean an anti-labour policy—quite the reverse. It is clearing an obstruction to work which is in the highest interests of labour, and which is demanded and supported by the bulk of working-class Liberals. We cannot discriminate between the opponents of these measures: whether they are Tories who dislike them on their merits, or Extremists who will have nothing unless they can have the impossible, we must fight them all. They are equally obstructives. We firmly believe that if we treat them thus squarely, the latter class of opponents will prove much less formidable than they are when we attempt to dally with them. The most satisfactory victory of Liberal over Tory and Labour was at Huddersfield where we are told that Sir James Woodhouse frankly and honestly pursued this policy. However this may be, we are persuaded that the worst policy of all for any Liberal candidate who may have a Labour opponent is to attempt either to play up to or outbid him in reckless pledges. By so doing he will get no single Socialist vote, but infallibly alienate some of the best of his own supporters. Infinitely the better plan all round is to recognise the facts, to take the Independent Labour men for the enemies they profess to be and to fight them fairly and squarely. We only alienate votes by our efforts to please them, and they give no support, but open hostility, in return for our pains.

THE MURDER AT SOFIA.

NO heavier blow could have been struck at the respect and esteem which the Bulgarian State has deservedly won for itself among the nations of Western Europe than that which has just fallen on the man who has secured her that esteem, in one of the most frequented thoroughfares of her capital. The savage onslaught made by professional assassins on M. Stambuloff on Monday evening, horrible and shocking as it is in itself, is still more shocking if we are to accept the interpretation that the Press of Berlin and Vienna has not hesitated to put upon it. The ex-Premier was not merely wounded mortally; he was well-nigh cut to pieces with yataghans. Two of his assailants were recognised. One of them had already made a reputation as an assassin. He had actually been convicted of the murder of M. Beltcheff, who was struck down by the side of the ex-Premier, and in mistake for him, on an April evening in 1891. But last January the Government had thought fit to release this man on bail, and he had since been openly walking about Sofia. He was wanted by the Turkish Government for another political murder—that of Dr. Vulcovitch at Constantinople; but they had not, apparently, sought his extradition. The attack was made in a frequented street. The police present rendered effectual, if not active and intentional, assistance to the assailants. Some of them happened to be looking the other way; one actually disarmed M. Stambuloff's servant at the conclusion of the struggle; no one pursued the cab or attempted to trace the assailants. Finally, one of the latter was arrested, but, in spite of his identification by his victim, he was liberated "on proving an alibi," and apparently on the sole responsibility of the police.

It is just possible—and we would gladly believe, for the credit of human nature, that it is the fact—that the murder may be merely the outcome of private vengeance. M. Stambuloff had spent a considerable part of his life in Russia, and had brought back Russian ideas and methods of government. The execution of Major Panitza, the tortures inflicted, it is believed by his orders, on the political opponents whom he had arrested after the murder of M. Beltcheff in 1891, have doubtless given rise to private enmities of the fiercest kind. He was afflicted, it is true, with a mortal disease, but his foes may have desired to secure him a speedier, more tragic, and more painful end. Unfortunately for the reputation of the Bulgarian State, there is reason to suppose that something more than private enmity is concerned. For months M. Stambuloff has been notoriously in danger of assassination. The representatives of the Powers at Sofia have called attention to the danger, and the authorities have taken certain police precautions, with what effect we have seen. In January last an effort was made to get rid of him in accordance with the forms of criminal law. He was accused of having planned the murder of M. Beltcheff as a pretext for the policy of coercion which it occasioned—accused on evidence which to Western ideas was merely farcical. Attempts were made to secure his arrest on other grounds. Finally, though he was known to be threatened both with speedy death at the hands of the assassin and with a slower death by a wasting disease, he was refused permission to reduce his dangers by leaving the country for Carlsbad. The authorities ignored the dangers which beset him, and, whether intentionally or not, they have undoubtedly facilitated his death.

Unfortunately, too, there are political reasons which make his removal opportune for the powers now dominant in Bulgaria. Prince Ferdinand, it need not be mentioned, has long been anxious, above all things, to secure recognition by Russia—partly, or, according to M. Stambuloff's own testimony, entirely, for purely personal and ceremonial reasons affecting his status as a prince. The fall of M. Stambuloff last June, and the substitution of a Russophil Ministry—made more Russophil by its reconstruction in December last—seemed to tend to secure this end. Last week a Bulgarian deputation went to St. Petersburg to lay a golden crown on the tomb of the late Czar. They were received with a coldness which contrasted oddly with the enthusiasm displayed at the same time for the alliance with the Emperor of Abyssinia. But they were presented to the Minister of Foreign Affairs, and it seems that one member of it told him, in reply to a question, that active opposition to Russia would be possible only if M. Stambuloff returned to power, and that the Minister thereupon expressed himself favourably to the recognition of Bulgaria. Moreover, it is stated that a step towards this recognition is just about to be taken. Russia is to be represented in Bulgaria by agents who are not official, but semi-official or quasi-official. The State is not to be formally recognised, but half-recognised—a relation

both anomalous and dangerous. A semi-official agent can obviously do much more than an accredited diplomatist, precisely because his acts can so easily be repudiated. Now, to this arrangement M. Stambuloff's existence might have proved dangerous: or he might have used his power in Eastern Roumelia and elsewhere—as was actually rumoured last week—to embarrass the Government in connection with that Macedonian agitation which all the Powers, and Russia not least, are so anxious to keep down. If we are to apply the old Roman doctrine, "he did the deed who profited by it," the case is very black indeed, both against the Bulgarian Ministry and their Prince himself. At any rate, we know that M. Stambuloff's danger has long been notorious; that the Government and the Prince alike have recently kept him exposed to it; that the Government organ has published a diluted and falsified account of the crime; that the precautions taken to shield him have been conspicuously ineffectual; that, beyond offering a reward for the discovery of the perpetrators, the authorities have done next to nothing, and that the Prince (himself at Carlsbad) has barely shown the minimum of sympathy required by common decency for the fate of the man to whom he owes his place. Not ten days ago, one of the highest Western authorities on Bulgarian politics specifically foretold, in private conversation, the event of Monday last. It is not easy, in view of what has happened, to acquit either the Prince or his Ministers of moral responsibility for the death of the man who has made Bulgaria what she is. The least atonement the Prince can make for the conduct that, in the face of repeated warnings, has led to the murder, is to abdicate at once. But whatever the political motive at the back of the deed, the policy that prompted it is but purblind. Bulgaria was last week still the favourite of the Powers, the heir-presumptive of the heritage of the Turk. Now she is but the hanger-on of Russia, and a hanger-on that Russia does not yet formally accept.

THE SUBMISSION OF MR. CHAMBERLAIN.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S speeches at Walsall on Monday, and at Stratford-on-Avon on Tuesday, offered cheer and diversion to all Liberals in the rather gloomy circumstances of those days. Philosophic Liberals have long ceased to be angry with Mr. Chamberlain. On the contrary, they enjoy him, welcome him, and wait for his next move with an absolute certainty of entertainment. They can look back with a quiet interest over the period of his evolution, and note with interest its numerous stages—first, the passionate protest that he never would desert the principles of his youth and manhood, then the furtive tacking and abstention when Liberal measures were to the fore, then violent invective against his old colleagues, then "fusion" with the "gentlemen of England," and finally from "fusion" to submission. The final stage has proceeded rapidly in the last ten days, and it has been the chief humour of politics to follow it with an "authorised edition" of the old speeches at one's elbow. For Mr. Chamberlain's anxiety to say the opposite of everything that he said in his Radical days has become a positive passion. He can leave nothing alone: he seems to scour the whole field of politics as though he could neither eat nor sleep until the process of recantation was complete to the uttermost word.

Until last week there were just two subjects upon which he was supposed to retain a semblance of Liberalism. These were Disestablishment and the question of denominational education. On the first he had certainly done his best to allay the fears caused by his vote on the second reading of the Welsh Bill by an active hostility to the measure in Committee, and by denouncing the Government for its mischievous attacks upon churches. If Mr. Chamberlain remained a disestablisher, he did so apparently on the understanding that no disestablishment bill would ever receive his support. There remained the question of denominational education. Upon that the tack began on Friday with a promise to the Catholic Committee in Birmingham that he "would favourably consider" a proposal for "the removal of the seventeen-and-sixpence limit in connection with the State grant" to voluntary schools. The student of the "authorised edition," of course, immediately discovered that this was exactly the kind of proposal which Mr. Chamberlain had specially stamped upon in his Radical days. So far from wishing to increase State-grants to sectarian schools, he thought it "a serious question" whether they ought to have State grants at all. "Whenever the time comes for its discussion, I for one will not hesitate to express my opinion that contributions of Government money, whether great or small, ought in all cases to be accompanied by some form of representative control" (October 1st, 1885). It would have been very interesting if he had "expressed that opinion" to the Catholics of Birmingham on July 14th, 1895. At Walsall, however, he surpassed himself by asserting that "Mr. Acland had harassed the voluntary schools, and increased the School Board rate." The assertion about the rate was merely foolish, but the attack on Mr. Acland was a truly beautiful bid for the affection of the extremer kind of clerical Tory. We say "extremer," because moderate and fair-minded Churchmen have long ago abandoned the line which Mr. Chamberlain has now picked up, and because the Archbishop of Canterbury himself, and not a few of the Bishops, have publicly testified that the demands upon the schools were strictly reasonable. But Mr. Chamberlain at one leap becomes more clerical than the clerics. The humour of this spectacle is, we own, a little dashed by the reflection that Birmingham has until now had a splendid educational tradition, and that we had hoped, in spite of all differences, it might still be sound about keeping up the standard of the schools.

The Walsall speech contained also the last act of submission to the Peers. The statesman who first declared that "the cup was nearly full," that "the career of high-handed wrong was coming to an end," and that "we had been too long a peer-ridden nation," assures us now that "the House of Lords has done its work very well down to the present time." This is a fine instance of the figure of speech called "bathos." But really we are not sure that the best instance of all, because it reveals a positively fanatical zeal for the reputation of his friends, was not the passage about the Parish Councils Bill. Mr. Chamberlain has now a rooted conviction that no one ever did any thing in the whole course of history except the Tory party. With this view of history it becomes necessary to square the indubitable fact that the Liberals passed the Parish Councils Bill. Mr. Chamberlain does it in this way. He asserts that the Tories were thirsting to create parish councils in 1888, and were only prevented by the obstruction of the Gladstonians, and that then "these same Gladstonian Liberals, when they came into power, took credit for the same Bills they had previously opposed." The last words are an exact quotation, and we give our word of honour that we have

not parodied the rest in the slightest degree. We really think this is the champion passage in all Mr. Chamberlain's speeches. The truth is, as our readers of course know, that Mr. Ritchie's Bill contained not the faintest hint of parish councils; that Lord Salisbury, as we all know, was inclined to prefer a "parish circus"; that no parish councils scheme was ever in existence until the Liberals produced one, and that then it was obstructed by Tories, and all but wrecked in the House of Lords.

The process of recantation was continued quite feverishly at Stratford on Tuesday. We cannot follow it in detail, but must be content to record briefly that Mr. Chamberlain retracted in detail his "authorised edition" views about the taxation of landlords and the equalisation of death duties, about the position of the labourer in the rural economy and about local option. Here also he displayed the same fanatical zeal for the reputation of the Tories. To do them justice, he claims infinitely more for them than they ever claimed for themselves till he came on the scene, and some of them, we cannot help feeling, must be conscious that he is just a little fulsome. But the truth is that, like a new servant, he is "most anxious to give satisfaction." Perhaps some faint rumour has reached him of the wailings and gnashings of teeth in some Tory circles at his admission into the household. "We could have done without him," was the instinctive cry when the Tory gains were reported on Saturday and Monday, and no doubt they will try to do without him, unless his submission is absolute on all points. Can we indeed be mistaken in thinking that his amusing haste to better his previous recantations at Walsall on Monday had some connection with Saturday's polls?

FINANCE.

THE bank dividends for the first half of the year nearly all, as was expected, show decreases compared with the first half of last year. The London banks suffered more particularly. Thus the London and Westminster only pays 10 per cent. against 11, the Union and the Joint Stock each pay 9 against 10 per cent., the City and the Consolidated each 8 against 9. Several of the country banks likewise show considerable fallings-off. It is natural that the decreases should be greatest in London, as competition there is so intense, and even a small excess in the supply compels bankers to reduce rates. In the provinces the rates of interest are more customary and less exposed to competition. But even in the provinces the immense accumulation of capital that has been weighing so heavily upon bankers has told, and very many of the dividends are lower than at this time last year. The railway dividends likewise feel the influence of the time. But there is evidence growing now that the accumulation of capital is rapidly being reduced. For one thing, for some weeks past it has been noticeable that the coin and bullion in the Bank of England have been decreasing steadily. For another thing, the improvement in trade is now admitted almost everywhere. For a long time people shook their heads, and said that it was true there was a more hopeful tone, but that there was very little evidence of actually better trade. Now, however, everybody is beginning to acknowledge, even though in some cases grudgingly, that improvement is going forward. There has been a very considerable rise in wool. Compared, indeed, with a couple of months ago, the rise is as much as from 15 to 18, and in some instances to 20 per cent. There has also been a rise in wheat; and the reports from the woollen manufacturing districts are very favourable. Lastly, the number of new issues has rapidly increased of late. Very many of these new issues are South African and West Australian mining companies. Of course, some of them—the West Australian more especially—ought to be looked upon with some suspicion, for not enough exploration has yet been done to give evidence that the district is rich. There are, however, several other issues. Lately we had a Chilian loan; now we are having a Brazilian loan; and other South American and Colonial loans are in prospect. There is a considerable number of American bond issues in preparation likewise, and there is a greater willingness to embark in railway enterprise in India than has been seen for a long time. Owing to all this, rates of interest and discount are sure to rise before many months. They are hardly likely to move during the holiday season now beginning. When the elections are over, most business men who can get away will take a rest, and therefore little will be done for a couple of months. But everything points to an exceedingly active autumn, and probably the end of the year will see a decided upward movement in rates.

On the Stock Exchange there has been little doing this week. South African gold and land shares have been fairly active, and prices have been well maintained. But the General Election has begun to tell. Up to Friday last the elections had not made much impression; since then there has been a much smaller attendance on the Stock Exchange. The influence of the elections, however, is more felt in other directions. The international department is almost deserted, and not much is doing in the American department. The speculation in Americans is very largely American. Of course, several professional operators and members of the Stock Exchange are buying. They are always dabbling more or less in some market, and just now the confidence with which New York puts up prices inclines them to gamble in Americans. But the general public is holding aloof—and very wisely, in our opinion. The public, however, is buying American bonds on a fair scale; and if it exercises due discretion it will, of course, not make much mistake in so doing. The Home Railway department is fairly well maintained likewise. Upon the whole, however, markets have put on a holiday appearance, which is likely to last for a couple of months. The silver market is quiet and rather depressed. The feeling grows that Russia has been so eager to forward the Chinese loan only because she is desirous of getting the Japanese troops out of China, and therefore it is assumed that the whole fifteen millions sterling, which will be the net proceeds of the loan, will be paid over to Japan immediately. If so, it is feared that Japan will lay out almost the whole of the money in Europe, either in paying debts already incurred or in buying new ships and the like. In that case no silver would be bought, and consequently the silver market would be more likely to decline than to advance. Meanwhile, however, the Indian exchange is fairly well maintained, and the India Council continues to sell its drafts more satisfactorily than could reasonably have been expected a little while ago.

THIS MORNING'S PAPER.

By a Mere Outsider.

SATURDAY.—The polling begins to-day and there is more excitement visible at the political clubs than one has seen for some time past. As usual, preparations have been made for getting the earliest news of the polling, and to-night Pall Mall will be in possession of the results of most of the struggles that are now going on in the English boroughs. As is not unnatural, there is some nervousness on both

sides, and people do not talk as confidently as they did a week ago about the result. So far as I can gather, the opinion of the cool-headed is that the Tories will have a net majority of from thirty to forty in the new House of Commons. Of course there are some who predict a very different result. Certain Liberals talk of a majority for their side, and some enthusiastic Tories predict that Lord Salisbury will be in a majority of one hundred. The sober middle opinion is that which I have quoted, and it seems to be held by men of both parties. The Independent Labour candidates, who are simply the tools of the Tory wire-pullers, will undoubtedly do the Liberals a great deal of harm. So much for not grasping the nettle when it was within our reach. The contest about which there is most interest and most anxiety to-day is that at Manchester. The Tories talk loudly of a sweeping victory there.

Sunday.—Manchester *has* given a sweeping victory to the Tories, and has in doing so given fresh evidence of its political degradation. When such a man as Sir Henry Roscoe is rejected in order that he may be replaced by the Marquis of Lorne, decent persons of all parties feel ashamed of their fellow-countrymen. Two of the seats in Manchester and Salford have been lost by the running of labour candidates. It would be interesting to know who paid the expenses of these worthies. But though one may deplore the selfish backsliding of Manchester, where the evil influences that once put Mr. Bright at the bottom of the poll are again in the ascendant, the great event of yesterday's polling was the result at Derby. Nothing more unexpected has ever happened in a political contest, and when the first announcement reached the clubs last night the tale was generally discredited. That the late leader of the House of Commons and his colleague ran any risk from the candidature of a brace of Tory non-entities nobody imagined, and the prevailing feeling when the news was made known was one of amazement. Everybody is sorry for the heavy blow that has thus fallen upon Sir William Harcourt; but at the same time there are not wanting those who point out that in this contest Sir William fought on his own line and for his own hand. He chose to assume that his Local Veto Bill was the one absorbing question of the time, and just as he had endeavoured to force it to the front in Parliament, so he sought to make it the sole issue in his appeal to his constituents. He knows better now than he did twenty-four hours ago what is the strength of the enemy he has assailed, and he has probably at last been convinced that a Local Veto Bill is one which the publicans have no reason to fear. If he had joined in the attack upon the Lords with the vigour he has shown in treating the drink question, the result of the Derby contest would probably have been very different from what it was. As matters now stand, it seems likely that the Tory majority in the new House will be larger than was at first anticipated, though, apart from Derby there is nothing in yesterday's pollings to alarm the Liberals. All the other losses—except at Darlington, where purely local causes prevailed—happened in the Manchester district, and Manchester was known to be politically rotten. There was great excitement at the Carlton Club last night as the results came in, and I need not say that Derby was received with a mighty cheer of joy. Perhaps the most striking feature of the elections yesterday is the smallness of the number of votes by which many of the Tory victories were gained. In Manchester, Salford, and Stockport, for example, a transfer of four hundred votes would have saved five seats for the Liberals, the majorities averaging less than one hundred in each case; whilst in two of these cases more than 1,300 votes were thrown away upon Independent Labour candidates. It is, then, clear that thus far there is no indication of any sweeping change in the opinion of the constituencies. A very slight swing of the pendulum has sufficed to give these remarkable results in favour of the Tory candidates.

Monday.—The Tory press is jubilant this morning over Saturday's result. It seems a little early to indulge in this prodigious noise, for, after all, the number of contests that have been decided is very small in proportion to the whole; whilst the accounts that come to hand from the constituencies both in London and the country are very encouraging to the Liberal agents. Still, it is better to acknowledge at once that the Tories have been very fortunate in their first day's experience at the polls, and that the result must have a very considerable influence in the constituencies that have still to be polled. The Derby result is still the chief topic of conversation. It is now generally recognised that drink and the Church were the two most powerful assailants of the Liberal candidates. The "Church's one foundation" seems, if one may trust present appearances, to be the public-house. It is not an edifying spectacle that the clergy present when fraternising with Bung. The story runs this afternoon that Sir William Harcourt means to retire from public life. He has a passion for talking of retirement when anything goes wrong, and undoubtedly he talked of it during the last session far too often for the good either of the Ministry or the party. But this Derby business is so serious that one cannot be surprised at his present disposition. He selected the ground on which he fought in defiance of the advice and the wishes of many of his colleagues, and he may not unnaturally feel that he has met with a personal rebuff amply sufficient to justify his withdrawal from the turmoil of politics.

Tuesday.—Last night's results were again adverse to the Liberal party, though not on so large a scale as on Saturday. Moreover, on the whole the general returns were not worse than had been anticipated, considering the character of the constituencies that were contested. The Tories have shown even more than their usual skill in gerrymandering the elections so as to give them a good start at the outset of the contest. It cannot be said that there was any great surprise yesterday, except in the case of Central Bradford, where an unknown man has replaced Mr. Shaw-Lefevre. This is lamentable. It is, indeed, a melancholy reflection that Bradford, once the home of militant Radicalism, should now be represented by three Tories. The movement there is largely anti-Socialist. One seat, of course, was won for the Tories by Mr. Ben Tillett, of the Independent Labour Party. This worthy person must have known from the first that his part in the contest at Bradford was that of an apostle of the Tory reaction; but the fact in no way seems to have affected his determination to go to the poll. The losses at Oldham and Rochdale are also melancholy; but at Rochdale it was the Independent Labour farce that carried the day for the Tories. The attempts that are now being made by Tory writers to prove that the Independent Labour candidates do as much harm to Tory candidates as to Liberals are sufficient proof of the fact that the better class of Conservatives are ashamed of this underhand alliance between their party and the revolutionary Socialists. But it is beyond their power to disprove the fact of the alliance.

Sir William Harcourt telegraphed to the editor of the *Daily News* yesterday to deny the rumour that he meant to retire from public life. Liberals will be glad to see Sir William fighting in their ranks again, provided that he will refrain from fighting with so much ostentation ~~from~~ his own hand. There can be no doubt that if he had fallen into line with the general policy of the Liberal party twelve months ago and had acted as strenuously and loyally as a colleague of the Prime Minister as he has done as an advocate of Local Veto, the Liberal cause would have been in a very different position to-day from that which it now occupies.

Wednesday.—The tide of battle still rolls against us, but there is certainly nothing in the polls of yesterday to produce anything like despair or panic among Liberals. The worst feature is the result of

the contests in London. Here it is evident that the electors are turning back to their old Toryism. But London constituencies are proverbially devoid of political instinct, and though they are occasionally warmed into life, their prevailing habit of mind is that of an unintelligent apathy. A man like Colonel North, whose grotesque travesty of a political candidature at Leeds has excited the laughter of the country, would be a highly suitable representative for many of the London constituencies. Moreover, he would win the warm approval of the *Times* by following that journal in the silly trick of dubbing the Liberals by a nickname that is in itself a falsehood. Apart from London, our worst fall yesterday was at Nottingham, where we lost Mr. Arnold Morley, a man to whose political services to his party it is difficult to do full justice. Though he never posed largely on the Treasury Bench, he was always active as head of the Post Office, or in his former capacity as chief Whip. His exclusion from Parliament will only be temporary, but it is none the less to be regretted. One may hope, however, that he will have leisure to attend to that work of organisation which is clearly called for by the present state of the Liberal party. Mr. Gully's success at Carlisle is a distinct slap in the face for Mr. Balfour, whose unprecedented attack upon the Speaker has been scornfully repudiated by decent persons in his own party. We shall now see whether he has the courage to carry his attempt to prostitute the chair of the House of Commons further. Sir Henry Fowler's success at Wolverhampton, Mr. Robertson's return at the head of the poll at Dundee, and the defeat of Mr. Heneage at Grimsby, are all proofs of the fact that the "swing of the pendulum" is not yet complete.

Mr. Warmington's withdrawal from his candidature in order to provide a seat for Sir William Harcourt is a generous and creditable act. It will be interesting to see whether in his new contest Sir William maintains the position he took at Derby or falls more nearly into line with his colleagues in the late Government.

Thursday.—Yesterday was the most disastrous day the Liberals have yet passed through. Seat after seat was wrested from them, and not one gained, for the seat of Mr. Heneage was won on the previous day. Many familiar faces will be missing from the House when Members next assemble. Perhaps the most disastrous incident was the result of the polling in Glasgow. The loss of Sir Charles Cameron's seat is a most unexpected and almost an astounding blow. On the other hand, the Leeds election is a bitter mortification to the Tories. They had made sure of ousting Mr. Herbert Gladstone from the constituency with which he has been connected during his whole Parliamentary career, and they had good hopes of winning South Leeds by the help of the Labour candidate. After the wholesale defection of Bradford it really seemed that these hopes were not unreasonable, and accordingly the news from Leeds was awaited by Liberals last night with no little anxiety. There was much rejoicing when, at one o'clock in the morning, the news of Mr. Herbert Gladstone's return was brought in.—This morning's news completes the tale of Liberal disaster. The rejection of Mr. John Morley at Newcastle is a lamentable event—lamentable not from the mere party point of view. It is strange, indeed, that any constituency should fail to cherish the honour of having such a representative. But one has seen too much of the extremes to which party feeling will carry men to wonder even at this act of folly. Newcastle having rejected the one statesman of the first rank it ever sent to Parliament must now be content to see in the erratic Mr. Hamond a thoroughly congenial spokesman in the House of Commons.

Friday.—The rout of the Liberals of Lancashire continues, and to-day's returns afford fresh evidence of the completeness of the reactionary triumph in that county. What may happen next week when the county constituencies are polled, one cannot say. It is the glory of Englishmen not to know when they are beaten, and those who remember the magnificent stand made by Yorkshire in 1886, when the black flood of Toryism had swept over every other portion of the country, will not despair of the ultimate result of this struggle. But for the present the dejection of the Liberals is great, whilst the elation of their opponents is still greater. A week ago these same Tories went about in the clubs hanging their heads, and dismally foreseeing defeat. I suppose it is the suddenness of their triumph that makes them so foolishly, not to say offensively, jubilant now. To listen to them one would imagine that this was the greatest victory that had ever been won, and that England had parted company with Liberalism for ever. Fortunately this intoxication will pass quickly, and there will be a rude awakening for the chaotic party which is now sheltering itself under the twin umbrellas of Lord Salisbury and Mr. Chamberlain.

The return of Mr. Asquith for East Fife by an increased majority is a most welcome and, I am bound to say, a most unexpected triumph. Very grave fears had been entertained as to his return, even before the tide turned against the Liberals, and yesterday I met no one who expected him to beat his Tory opponent. He has done this, however, and done it on the straight lines of the party policy.

Poor Professor Dicey! Like the peers whom he worships, he seems to be living in a balloon. It has shocked him beyond words to learn from some flippant correspondent that there have been cases in which "honours" have been bestowed for a consideration. He demands immediate and explicit information on the subject, or he vows that something terrible will happen. I would suggest that he would do well to address his enquiries to Mr. Akers-Douglas or Sir William Hart Dyke; but I ought, at the same time, to warn him that, unless he is prepared to receive a very violent shock to his superfine feelings, he would do well to leave the matter alone.

THE QUEEN AND THE KAISER REVIEWING THEIR TROOPS.

BETWEEN a Queen's review at Aldershot and one before the German Kaiser are some differences curious to one who sees the two in a short interval of time.

And first of all, because most notable, is an English feature which is unknown in Germany. At Aldershot last Saturday the whole of the cavalry was massed in a long line facing the Queen. From the reviewing stand it seemed as though this line of shining sabres and savage-looking lances stretched for nearly a mile, and represented what Germans would regard as a full cavalry division. They stood motionless for a moment, at a distance that made it difficult to distinguish individual faces. Then, at a given signal, the whole long line of impetuous horsemen dashed down upon the royal carriage with such pounding of hoofs and clattering of accoutrements as brought the blood of spectators jumping in their veins. The charge seemed irresistible and uncontrollable. But just when the last stride seemed to threaten the lives of all present, the great thundering mass stopped short—so short that the horses panted hot into the faces of the royal party. It was a moment of most exciting interest to one seeing it for the first time; and I can well understand that the Oriental visitor feared for his life when he was first made the object of this warlike courtesy; and yet this feature of the English Army must originally have come from the East.

At the last German Imperial manœuvres I saw eight thousand cavalry massed together in a single charge upon the combined artillery of one army corps; but even that charge did not strike me as so brilliant a demonstration of power as the grand "Fantasia" before the Queen at Aldershot. In

Germany the troops merely march past the Emperor —here they marched not only past, but at the Queen.

The Aldershot reviewing plain is a much more beautiful spot than the Tempelhofer Feld, where the Berlin garrison is inspected. The Germans have to tramp through sand and very trying dust. Tommy Atkins has most excellent sward for the soles of his feet, and even on such a day as Saturday there was little dust until after the Artillery had gone over it. The marching of the troops at Aldershot was not good, measured by the Berlin standard, but the day was most unfavourable for marching, the grass being very dry and slippery. The honours of the day, such as they were, belonged to the Seaforth Highlanders and the Rifle Brigade—so far as infantry marching was concerned. The Germans have a peculiar step for parade purposes, which looks comical at first, but which I have heard even English officers speak well of. They raise their knees to the level of their cartridge-boxes, stretch out their toes as far as they can, and then bring the sole of their feet down to the ground with such a thump as makes the skin of their cheeks crinkle like jelly. This high-stepping action is very showy, and conduces to great uniformity of movement. For anyone threatened with torpidity of liver I recommend it without reserve—it is almost as good as riding on an artillery limber.

The soldier's pet is unknown in the German army, and the beautiful fawn that marched at the head of a Highland regiment at Aldershot would, I fear, have gone to the camp kettle had he tried to lead a regiment of Prussian guards. But at Aldershot one missed the many dogs that march in Germany with the rifle regiments, called there Jaeger. These dogs are used at the outposts to carry messages from the foremost scouts back to the main body, and naturally they become great pets of the riflemen, who are for the most part men who have served an apprenticeship as gamekeepers or foresters.

Nothing could exceed the smartness of the Aldershot cavalry, the excellent riding, and the uniform high standard of horseflesh. As cavalry, they kept their lines on every occasion better than the infantry—notably the Scots Greys. The horses of the artillery were, as a rule, better than those in the German batteries—particularly the wheelers. A German would have been scandalised by the indifferent manner in which many of the infantry officers marched—with an almost stooping gait, and the air of one rather seeking to avoid martial pomposity. The Prussian lieutenant inflates his chest with every assistance offered him by the Almighty or the tailor, and pounds the earth in the lead of his men after the manner of a man conscious that only the most desperate energy can produce a good effect in a march-past. Compared to the Prussian step, that of an English officer seems most like that of an easy-going pedestrian.

A pretty effect unknown in Germany is the hoisting of the royal standard close to the person of the Sovereign immediately upon arrival of the royal party. It lets everyone know just where the Queen is and when the function begins and ends, besides making a most grateful piece of colour on the side of the spectators. In the German manœuvre field the Emperor is always accompanied by an orderly bearing a small imperial standard; but that is for the very practical purpose that his *aides-de-camp* may more easily find him when returning with despatches. At Aldershot the standard is hoisted on a stationary pole; in Germany it serves an exclusively practical purpose.

In regard to the policing of the Aldershot grounds, it was done in so excellent a manner that the German Emperor could do few things more calculated to give pleasure in Berlin than to send some of his soldier-policemen over here to learn how they should behave themselves. At Aldershot no one was hustled; no rude language was heard; no mounted police backed their horses in amongst women and children; no ladies and gentlemen were treated like tramps; no tramps were treated like beasts. The English police, and soldiers detailed as such, did their work efficiently; they kept the different enclosures for just such people as were entitled to use them; they kept the horses and carriages and the large crowd in general just where they should have been, and all that without any irritation on either side. When ladies and gentlemen walked in or out of the several enclosures, the guards did not demand savagely what they wanted here or there; on the contrary, they took it for granted that decent people do not go where they are not entitled to. The German military policeman is an honest man and good-hearted, but his training is such that he cannot believe a man is decent unless he wears a uniform. Last autumn I saw an English officer of distinction turned off the reviewing ground in Elbing by a German gendarme, in spite of the fact that this Englishman explained to the officer of gendarmes that he was there as an English officer bearing a letter from the Duke of Connaught and a permit from the German Emperor himself. The Englishman was in civilian dress, and that was fatal. The German soldier evidently regarded his story as false, and treated it with contempt. The idea of an officer being out of uniform was to his mind a manifest absurdity, and no explanation would alter the case to his mind. For purposes such as attending great military functions a German lady would rather be on the arm of a subaltern than protected by the most famous civilian of the Empire. A Virchow or Mommsen looks well enough in print, but in the presence of a Berlin policeman they are no more than the tramp who sleeps in the parks.

A study of this side of German social life tends to the conclusion that in Germany the soldier respects the uniform more than he does the man that wears it. Corollary to this is the conclusion that the German officer is not always a gentleman—but that he is so labelled the moment he wears a uniform. In England the uniform does not make the gentleman —it only raises a presumption in his favour. The true test of the English officer is when he wears civilian dress—at the dinner-table, or in the field of sport. Tested in this fashion the German officer is apt to suffer. The Kaiser's army is full of good officers who have never worn a dress suit; who exhaust their gravy with a knife; who comb their hair as they enter a ballroom, and who have no idea of drawing-room behaviour beyond what they have learned in the barrack yard. Such men as these would at once lose the respect of their men if they appeared out of uniform. On the other hand, Tommy Atkins adores his captain, not because he wears two stars upon his collar, but because that captain plays a good game of cricket or football, because he rides well to hounds, and because he is—in short, superior to him in breeding, in accomplishments, and fully his equal in strength and pluck.

But the music at the Aldershot Review would have pained a German soldier. There were a great many music-hall songs suggestive of tights and spangles, short skirts and loose language. These produce catchy songs, but they are not the songs that teach a soldier duty to his country, his Queen or his God. The Germans who marched against France in 1870 did so with hymns of battle on their lips—they sang of Fatherland and Liberty, not of Monte Carlo or the girl "whose golden hair was tossing down her back." The Germans have grand war-songs, and they are sung with gusto as the men march along; they do not seek their inspiration in the ballads of the pot-house. What a soldier sings when he is in his own company is his own affair; but surely it is not desirable that the bands of the British army be enlisted and paid to produce music of this kind in public. Music has an enormous effect upon the soldier before battle, and it must be a strange man who will not fight better to a grand war-hymn than to a giggling ditty. The German and the English soldier have this music, however, in common—the glorious "God Save the Queen," the

national anthem of the countries that to-day represent progress and religious liberty.

POULTNEY BIGELOW.

LUCINDA'S POLITICS.

THERE is not a subject under the sun on which Lucinda and I cannot engage in discussion. It has always been the same from the days of our infancy, when we persistently flouted and defied the ornithological example held up to us by our nurses of "little birds in their little nests agreeing."

Lucinda's face is a spectacle for gods and men when anyone unwarily asks her what her politics are. She looks as indignant, insulted, and reproachful as if she had been asked to which sex she belonged. She flashes a withering glance at her luckless interlocutor, and then replies in a tone of the most emphatic conviction, "Conservative, *of course*." To rouse the lion still further in Lucinda's bosom, it is only necessary to go on to inquire: "Why 'of course'?" This will wring from her the scathing retort: "Because everybody is!" That is one of Lucinda's delusions. Everybody who is anybody must be a Tory. Another delusion is that her political faith is based on principle and not on perversity. The truth is that it dates from the time when I first experienced a thrill of hero-worship for Gladstone. My conceiving a passionate admiration for the G. O. M. was quite enough to make Lucinda join the Primrose League. But perhaps I ought to admit that without the stimulus of Lucinda's opposition my Liberalism might never have attained to such a beanstalk growth, and I should certainly not have waded so religiously through debates, reading the speeches on both sides, had it not been for perpetual fear of Lucinda tripping me up in an argument.

Lucinda says I can't argue, but only quote the *Daily News*. I retort that it is better worth quoting than the libellous local Tory rag she swears by; at which Lucinda either puts her fingers in her ears, assuring me in an aggravating whisper that she is "not deaf," or goes out of the room. It is funny that Lucinda, who claims all the logic and reasoning powers for her side, should invariably sweep out of the room when I score off her. I suppose it is because she has not a leg left to stand on.

There was a time when Lucinda carried the majority of the family with her. The "small fry" were like clay in her hands. She could mould them into little Tories at will, and intimidate them into declaring they hated Gladstone in the same way as she intimidated them into saying they hated sugar in their tea. But the small fry are all grown up now, and as the surest sign that the age of callow innocence is passed by, they revolt from Lucinda's yoke, Lucinda's following in the House has become seriously disaffected of late. Nevertheless, during the election Lucinda had a high old time and literally jumped on me, her prostrate antagonist. One can't expect chivalry from Primrose Dames!

At first the idea of a General Election with no Grand Old Man seemed tame to a degree. Like *Hamlet* without Hamlet. No triumphant railway progresses, no stirring Midlothian campaigns, no heroic figure of a hundred fights to cheer us as it slowly but surely crept to the top of the *Daily Graphic* ladder. It was heartrending to think of. It would be quite easy, I thought, under such circumstances to go through the season of storm and stress with philosophic calm, and even to hear with unruffled temper Lucinda's mendacious assertions that Lord Rosebery had been a failure, and his Government composed of the weakest bunglers that had ever been entrusted with the affairs of State. But as the eve of the battle approached, my flagging political enthusiasm revived. When Lucinda prophesied with jubilant cocksureness the return of the Coalition Ministry, and offered "to bet anyone anything" that it would come back with a huge majority, I really couldn't, to use an expression of the boys, "keep my hair on" any longer. Lucinda canvassed for the Tory member. A cerulean blue carriage, in which sat a gorgeous Primrose Dame, called for her one morning, and as there was not the remotest chance of a red carriage calling for me, I poured out scornful invectives against lady canvassers from the lawn, hoping that the Master of the House, who was engaged in extirpating daisies therefrom with a spud, would back me up. But he wouldn't say a word till the carriage was safely out of hearing, when he remarked that he supposed they were going to talk a lot of bunkum. One never can rely on the allegiance of the Master of the House at an emergency. Though Radical at heart, out of a far-fetched sentiment of respect for his neighbours, who are uniformly and rabidly Tory, he declines to be a militant politician. He leaves political controversy to his daughters, he says, and appears to take a wanton delight in terminating an armed neutrality between Lucinda and me by suddenly asking at dinner what we think of the Ministerial crisis or the political situation. Then, having set us by the ears, he unreasonably implores us, with a pathetic air of exhausted endurance, to stop wrangling. I certainly think politics ought to be avoided at meals. When you are heatedly arguing that John Morley is a far finer orator than Mr. Goschen (the only two statesmen Lucinda and I happen to have heard address public meetings), you are apt to help yourself to salt nine times at least, and to pour vinegar instead of cream on your strawberries.

While Lucinda was canvassing I took advantage of her absence to decorate Hans Sachs, the dachshund, with a red ribbon, but I daren't let him go out of the garden for fear he should excite more than ever the caustic satire of the errand boys, and meet a martyr's death. I induced him to stay at my feet by trying to teach him that he must refuse his favourite biscuit with disgust when offered to him in the name of "Salisbury," but at the mellifluous sound of "Rosebery" snap at it eagerly. Of course Lucinda had taught him the trick the other way about. After a reckless expenditure of Osborne biscuits, it occurred to me that I might be violating the Corrupt Practices Act. So I abandoned the task of making a convert of Hans Sachs, and unfurled a red parasol, beneath the inspiritingly livid shade of which I committed to memory all the things Mr. Chamberlain said about the House of Lords in '85, and what he says about it in '95. Lucinda returned from her canvassing with her badge of cornflowers faded and her fringe out of curl, but in high glee. She was immensely proud of having shaken hands with a working man and lunched on ham and eggs in a public-house. She seemed to think that by so doing she had helped to preserve the integrity of the Empire and our anomalous condition as a "peer-ridden" country intact. The Tory for whom she had been canvassing was certain to get in again by a larger majority than ever, she was glad to say. He was such a charming man! His Radical opponent, horrid little cad, would be simply nowhere. Depressed by Lucinda's halcyon forecasts, I confined myself to an acrimonious remark on her arbitrary division of parties into "charming men" and "cads," for which I was rebuked by the Mistress of the House, whose motto is "Peace at any price" in its narrowest limitation, which means conciliation of Lucinda at all costs.

Then came that fatal Sunday which brought the news of the long train of disasters that had befallen the Liberal cause at the polls on the first day of the elections. Shall I ever forget it? After church I felt I positively couldn't face the exultant Lucinda, and hailed a symptom of a headache with gratitude as a dispensation of Providence. But even in my retirement I didn't escape altogether from Lucinda's chortling. Her pæans seemed to resound through the

universe, and such snatches of them as the following penetrated distinctly to the darkened seclusion of my upstairs chamber. "Harcourt out! Glorious! What a blow! They must be smashed now! Nine seats! (As if the first batch of Tory gains was not big enough, in all conscience, without Lucinda's exaggerating them.) "Hurrah! The only question now is how large a majority. I don't mind betting . . . ." I wouldn't hear what preposterous sum Lucinda was ready to stake on a sweeping Tory majority. I plunged my diminished, throbbing head beneath the counterpane, and abandoned myself to the first bitterness of despair.

Monday was the day of the election in our city, and I still had spirit enough left to remove from Hans Sachs's tail a blue satin rosette, which some malicious person had fastened there as a protest against the draggled remains of red ribbon round his neck, and to sharply dispute Lucinda's right to exercise filial terrorism over the Master of the House about his vote. She could get nothing out of him, however, except "I am going to vote by ballot," which she pronounced "cowardly equivocation." I believe the Master of the House voted for the right man, but, alas! it made no difference to the result, for both our Radical members lost the seats they had captured in 1892. Lucinda went with a party of Tory friends to hear the poll declared, and roused the whole household at an unconscionable hour of the night with her hilarious whoops of triumph. The whirligig of time brings its revenges. At the last General Election it was I who danced Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay in my night-dress on the landing when the Master of the House brought the figures from the club at midnight, and Lucinda withdrew, a most discomfited and crestfallen Primrose Leaguer, in silence to her room. Now I crouched in lowest depths of despondency on the end of my bed, and mentally "chucked up the sponge." I didn't even smile when, during a lull in Lucinda's victorious shouts, mamma was heard asking if "dear" Sir Benjamine Burly had got in for Mid-Blankshire, and was informed for the fiftieth time at least that the polling for Mid-Blankshire did not take place till the end of the week. The Mistress of the House's interest at a General Election centres entirely in this absolutely safe seat, that has been held from time immemorial by the prosy old Tory who happens to be a friend and patron of the family. Out of loyalty to Sir Benjamine, the Mistress of the House always thinks it necessary to get up a fictitious excitement and superfluous alarm about Mid-Blankshire. How fervently I wished, as I closed my eyes on that horrid night, that I could slumber on for an indefinite period like Rip van Winkle, and not wake again till the swing of the pendulum had gone back once more in the direction of progress, liberty, and reform, and a policy of brotherly love and goodwill towards poor ill-used Ireland. But, naturally, the vanity of human wishes was strikingly illustrated by my waking at the normal hour to resume my anguished contemplation of the prospect of a Brummagem Government. I had to go down to breakfast, and sit opposite a cock-a-hoop, exuberant Lucinda, who, with a countenance emitting sparks of effulgent radiance, read out from her favourite local paper a string of fresh Liberal reverses, and assured her listeners that the Tory reaction was permanent, and that a "Radical Wave" would be still an unknown phenomenon at the end of the twentieth century.

There never was anything so exasperating as Lucinda's politics! B. M.

THE ENGLANDER AS FOREIGNER.

FOREIGNER—somewhere or other—is a part the Englander plays, from choice, so often that it is rather singular he (or she) does not play it, as a rule, more gracefully. It is more than singular—it is melancholy, when one reflects that the Englander has truly great qualities as coloniser or explorer, indomitable pluck, adaptability, uncomplaining endurance, *if his hardships are only hard enough.* But they must be desperate, or he will not rise to the occasion. Neither will she, though she comes off rather the better of the two (by force of training) in bearing small disagreeables. The endurance of this people seems to be in inverse ratio to their distance from their native land. They can quit themselves like the very pick of humanity in the trials and dangers of travel—in Tibet for instance, or the Arctic regions; but in a French hotel or a Swiss railway-station he has about as much patience and *savoir faire* at command as he has of "the language" ready to his tongue, and (to come still nearer home) *her* resource and travel-wits give out, if she goes astray, by chance, in Clapham Junction. Their difficulty is in accepting the fact that everyday life can work very well on other lines besides those of British tradition. Now the only cure for constitutional insularity is not, of course, to "do the Continent." It is better to let one's self be stranded by some favourable tide above the ordinary water-mark, where hotels lie thick and tourists abound, and there to stay and sun one's self in the peaceful life of a people at home; to open one's shell and own that here England is after all the *Ausland*, and the Englander the outlandish person.

And there *are* spots, not too remote, where a friendly manner actually counts for more than a tip, with hotel maids, and where one may put one's travel-talk book in one's bag and unlearn the cunning of Bradshaw, and resign one's self humbly to the *rôle* of the comic foreigner before a kindly and amused—yes, amused—German audience. One such place is—never mind the name, but it is a real place—so unspoilt by the outside tourist element that the home-feeling lays hold of wayfarers who halt there, like a spell. Yet the little village lies just near enough to the railway and a city for the Gasthaus to be provisioned daily in a style that makes one rub one's eyes and think, here among the forests, of the fairy-tale table that rose out of the ground at command of a convenient wood-genius. The mid-day dinner is an affair of an hour and a half, and between the cooking, the hostess, and the air of the place (all matchless) the little group of English guests soon find their ordinary eight o'clock appetite fit for action at half-past twelve, and doing some credit to their country, even against German competition in the work. Naturally, dinner is the event of the day. But there are long waits to break the serious exertion of the six courses, and the company can bestow a little attention on each other between times.

They are not travelled people here, but quiet, homely families. The arrivals by train are well sifted, some two and a half kilometres away, at the bottom of a road, ascending from the railway-station at an angle that gives the ordinary German pause. Only those whose enthusiasm for the "*wild romantisch*" in scenery is stout enough to carry a stout person along with it, will mount that terrible hill. Therefore those who do find their way up are by no means Philistines, as a whole. But they are not of cosmopolitan culture, hence they find the Englander a rather piquant *hors d'œuvre* at their table—not unwelcome nor objectionable, but simply to be summed up in the one word—"*merkwürdig!*"

A whole host of British peculiarities was sprung upon the Gasthaus gathering two seasons ago by the stay of two English families in their midst. How they found their way to such a village was a mystery to their fellow-guests, and they secretly wondered at each other's appearance on the scene. Needless to say, a kind of mild antagonism coloured their feelings towards each other, even when both parties had become quite at home with most of the Germans in the house. They excited immense interest in the breast of a certain genial old colonel, who studied them from the day of their arrival,

from morning till night, talked to them, talked about them, compared, discussed them before their faces with his wife, daughter, and mother-in-law, questioned them, exclaimed over them, and, in a word, opened their eyes completely to their own foreignness. The Herr Oberst-Lieutenant was himself a German of the Germans—a Prussian, a Bezirk's-Commandant (retired) of the Landwehr, a Conservative, of course, and a thoroughgoing family autocrat; a florid, energetic, wholesome old soldier, with a head that irresistibly recalled a white clothes-brush; a sort of boyish freshness withal that made his exact age hard to guess. He did not speak English, but his new acquaintances could command a useful dialect gathered together from guide-books and school editions of the German classics, with a bold sprinkling of words of their own coining. This, with the aid of the colonel's delightful daughter as interpreter, served as a good working means of communication. Conversation, indeed, never flagged.

"Merkwürdig!" was the colonel's standing verdict on the doings of these people. As for his wife and her mother—kind souls!—they were in a chronic state of half-incredulous ejaculation. The bicycling feats of this lean, sunburnt Englishman, a man learned in the law, and a University man, too, yet not a professor!—and devoted to the open air and violent exercise—"Ach nein! wie merkwürdig!" Then the prowess of the ladies! For example, the lawyer's wife, so slight and delicate, but "Herr je!" what for a walker! tramping hills and valleys with her husband day after day; never to be seen sitting, like the other ladies, with her needlework in the rustic summer-house or one of the seats that bound the ladies' traditional exercising ground, a few yards to the right and left before the Gasthaus. And, again, the wife of the other Englishman—a big, heavy officer from India. What an astounding person! Gifted with a small waist and a highly curled coiffure—and a mother, too—but actually capable of taking a walk by herself for the walk's sake! The colonel watched her with a growing awe and admiration, uttered under his breath to the other English couple. At last she broke the record and walked all the way to a celebrated view-point "drei Stunden!" And the colonel was an entirely vanquished man. He appeared with a large florist's bouquet (ordered from heaven knows where) on the day the officer and his wife left the Gasthaus, and bowed over the lady's hand to kiss it. Words simply failed him.

"Himmel!" These English foreigners! It came out, in the course of a few talks, that the lawyer's wife was a cyclist, too, when at home. And hardly had the colonel's ladies found their breath after this revelation, when she electrified the whole dining-room by coming in to supper in a red-and-white tea-gown. A painful uncertainty palpitated in the air. Had she risen from a siesta, forgotten to dress herself, and appeared in public absent-mindedly, clad only in a coloured nightgown? Or was she suddenly stricken with some malady that made ordinary dress unbearable? Was it to be censure or sympathy? Anyway, it was an unheard-of departure, and the colonel really was shocked that time. But he lived down the shock, besides many others, and interested himself more and more in the foreigners, taking such pains to teach them a less wild and barbaric speech, and reviewing all their feats and plans each meal-time with such a quaint mixture of the autocratic, the simple, and the purely kind in his commandeering, that he fairly won their hearts.

To sit by, through those conversations across the narrow dining-table, while the cycling Englishman boldly launched out into description of long runs, speaking German after his manner, throwing genders, cases, and separable prefixes to the winds; to hear the colonel giving him the required word (as nearly as he could guess at it) whenever the cyclist came to a full-stop, which occurred every few seconds; to see how often the colonel missed the mark and how strenuously he tried word after word, while the Englishman signalled dumbly or shouted to him in English; to mark how the colonel would fall back, in despair, on pantomime, or rather an original kind of outline sketching of objects in the air with his forefinger—all this was verily as good as a play. The English ladies would laugh till they were tired. But the laugh sometimes went against them too, though the colonel was gallant, and not a little taken with them. Whether he would have liked Gretchen, his handsome, well-drilled daughter to follow in the ways of these enterprising young women, however, is open to question.

The end was a parting really cordial on both sides. Now the colonel adds graphic illustration when he discourses on foreigners to his friends, and the English party have gone their way with a useful little notion packed up for future use abroad: one is not called on in the interests of humanity to open up to British Influence even benighted Continental folk who stay at home. Strange, perhaps, but——they will do very well as they are.

THE OPERA.

To be of much use just now at the Royal Opera vocalists must be capable of singing with equal facility in Italian and in French, like Mme. Eames, Mme. Melba, Mme. Calvé, M. Alvarez, M. Maurel, and many more. Not only must they know the two languages; they must also have mastered the two repertories. And then, as a strange result, we may find French singers appearing now in French operas—which is highly desirable; now in French versions of German operas—which is less so. There is something piquant all the more in the presentation of one of Wagner's operas on the English stage in the French language; and this is what happened at the Royal Opera a few evenings ago, when *Tannhäuser* was produced in the very tongue in which thirty-four years ago it was hissed so violently and so persistently at the French Opera House. There were probably no singers in the cast who could not have sung as well in Italian as in French; for Mme. Eames was the Elizabeth, Mme. Adini the Venus, M. Alvarez the Tannhäuser, and M. Maurel the Wolfram. The two leading ladies in the cast were both Americans; the three leading male singers all Frenchmen. The representatives of the inferior bards, moreover—the "minor poets," as Mr. Traill would call them—were all French. It says much for Sir Augustus Harris's operatic resources that *Tannhäuser* was rehearsed not many weeks ago in Italian with Mme. Albani and Signor Bertran in the two principal parts, and with the rest of the cast almost exclusively Italian; for, although at the Royal Opera the language of the works performed varies from night to night, the chorus, with touching patriotism, sings always in Italian. The solo vocalists may be singing English, as in *Harold*; or French, as in *Carmen* and the French version of *Tannhäuser*; or Italian, as in *Lucia* and *Rigoletto*—the language of the Italian chorus remains under all circumstances the language of its native land.

The failure of *Tannhäuser* at Paris in 1861 has been much recalled during the last few days. But it must be remembered that scarcely anyone outside Germany liked Wagner, or could even tolerate him, so far back as 1861. When, eleven years later, *Lohengrin* was produced at the Royal Italian Opera, the music was very little liked because very little known, and it is quite certain that if, in the year 1861, either *Lohengrin* or *Tannhäuser* had been brought out in England the work would have failed. *Tannhäuser* failed utterly in Paris, where Prosper Mérimée called it "La revanche de Solferino"—which had been fought rather more than a year before. Auber said that it was "Berlioz without melody," and Berlioz dismissed it as "une polissonnerie," laying particular stress on the fact

that it was "entirely without style." Wagner, meanwhile, has had everywhere his "revanche de Paris;" for it is the musical version of *Tannhäuser* as arranged for the Paris Opera House that is now played everywhere in Germany, and that French artists have just placed before us at our principal theatre—our sole musical theatre in any serious sense.

Wagner's works do not indeed depend for their effect on finished vocalisation, nor on the general attractiveness of the prima donna; for which reason it used to be held, even by Wagner himself—by Wagner, indeed, more than by anyone—that presented in an Italianised form they would meet with no success. He said as much to the Queen when, nearly forty years ago, he paid his first visit to England, and, received by Her Majesty, had a long and interesting conversation with her about his operas and the possibility of producing them in Italian. In 1856, however, opera was almost exclusively an Italian product, and Italian singers could sing only in one particular style. At present opera is a cosmopolitan entertainment in which singers of every nationality take part, and in which composers of every nationality are represented. Forty years ago Wagner scarcely knew the resources and capabilities of his own works. He had reckoned, too, without such artists as Mme. Albani and Mme. Eames, M. Jean de Reszke and M. Alvarez, or the strange idea would never have occurred to him that *Lohengrin* and *Tannhäuser* (his later works had not yet been produced) could not be given with due effect on the stage of an Italian Opera House.

TANNHÄUSER.

I HAVE never understood the praise that is always bestowed on the poem of this opera. A man frequents a house of ill-repute and learns some improper songs. When he goes into respectable society he cannot refrain from singing them, and is turned out. This is how Wagner tells the story of a man who finds himself unworthy of a pure woman. But the subject remains, and *Tannhäuser* is the most human of all his operas, in words and in music.

But a false conception necessitates structural defects, and there are structural defects in the poem of *Tannhäuser* which a very slight reference to *Tristan* will make clear. Tristan is bringing Isolde from Ireland to wed King Mark. Finding themselves in love with each other, they consent to drink the death-potion, but the waiting-maid substitutes the love-potion for the death-potion. Therefore, the lovers are throwing themselves into each other's arms when the vessel touches the Cornish shore. End of first act. When the second act opens, Isolde is telling the waiting-maid that she no longer hears the hunting-horns. The waiting-maid says that that is because she doesn't desire to hear them, and she warns her mistress that a certain knight is eager to betray her. But Isolde is crazy for Tristan, and even before the last echo dies the torch, which is a signal for Tristan to join her, is quenched. This beautiful continuity of action is, to my mind, a bit of dramatic construction as exquisite as is to be found in dramatic literature. But in *Tannhäuser* the action lapses between the end of the first and the beginning of the finale of the second act. There is a huge gap, which Wagner was at pains to fill. Tannhäuser has to discover that he is unworthy of Elizabeth—a psychological problem of great interest, which, dramatically, Wagner fails to grasp; and failing to grasp it, he fills the first part of the act with ordinary operatic medley. There is Elizabeth's Address to the Halls—a young girl looking round and declaring that the building is magnificent. This is followed by a poor little duet between Tannhäuser and Elizabeth, and then there is another duet between Elizabeth and her father. Elizabeth is to become the wife of the knight who sings the best song. Brides are won by love, by gold, and by force; but brides were never won by songs sung in public competition. The idea of the competition is more fitted for light than for serious opera. And to witness this competition the public are brought in by means of a march which, if we except some beautiful modulations, may be described as a vulgar piece of fine writing—no better, if as good, as the march of The Prophet. As for Tannhäuser's love-song, no one thinks of defending it. It is not until the dramatic situation becomes interesting that the music rises. A poet invents a crisis of the soul for the purpose of vivifying that crisis with words or with music: and the crisis at the end of the second act is one of extreme beauty. Elizabeth knows nothing of the sins of Tannhäuser: she has barely understood his allusions to Venus; but she cannot endure the slaying of the man, and intervenes to save him from the swords of the affronted nobles. The situation is an exquisite one, and Wagner vivifies it with human music—music that goes to the very heart of the emotion. (What is melody if it be not the lyrical expression of an emotion?) And out of the tumult of the harmony the human cry, the melody, surges up clear and true as Shakespeare's verses in great climax. And the cry that surges is a virgin's cry for the life of the man she loves. "I know nothing of his sins, or where he has been, or the joy he praises; but you must not slay him: I plead for his life!"

I remember—shall I ever forget?—the impression Rose Caron made upon me in the part of Elizabeth last May in Paris. She seemed to have divined and to have identified herself with Wagner's intention: her voice seemed the flower of all Elizabeth's virginity—a bloom of sound, the purest spirit and whitest blossom of maidenhood. Therefore Elizabeth's music should be breathed like a prayer, and her gesture should be simple, almost rigid—one gesture of supplication for her father, one gesture of interdiction for the nobles. And Tannhäuser should not stand up in this scene, but should fling himself at the foot of the throne, and there he should crouch, not in cowardice, but in repentance and in shame of his unworthiness. But the other night neither Signor Alvarez nor Mme. Eames seemed to realise the states of soul which they had undertaken to embody. Mme. Eames has no natural gifts as an actress, and even the meaning of the situation seemed to have escaped her. She addressed herself to the footlights; she sang correctly, she sang beautifully, in a way; but the idea of the music was entirely lost in her singing. Rose Caron has not Mme. Eames's voice, but Rose Caron is a great—a very great—artist.

The version played the other night was the French version which Wagner wrote when the opera was produced in the Rue Drouot by order of the Emperor. The additions and modifications occur in the first scene, the rest of the opera remains as it was first written. It is important here to remember that twenty years had elapsed since *Tannhäuser* was first produced in Germany. It was, I think, in '47, and in Dresden; it was in '61 or '62 that *Tannhäuser* was produced in Paris. During this while nothing of Wagner's music had been heard except *Lohengrin;* and after *Lohengrin*, musically, he was silent for seven or eight years. The old form of opera with duets and solos no longer conformed to his ideas, and when he began writing again he had invented the new music—that is to say, the chromatic style which distinguishes all his later works. In *Tristan* the key constantly changes, every two or three bars, sometimes in the same bar. This style is admirably adapted to the interpretation of the extraordinary sensualities of which I spoke last week. But not a note of this new music had been heard, neither the *Rheingold* nor the *Walküre*, nor *Tristan* nor the *Master Singers*, all of which were finished. It was in Paris that the new music was heard for the first time, when the ballet which he wrote for the Venusberg was played.

"They want a ballet," he used to say while writing the extraordinary music. "Well, they shall have a ballet!" And he composed a ballet with cries of animals in the orchestra, fauns and satyrs pursuing nymphs; and thinking his Venus of '47 not a little maidish, he wrote into the part all the creeping and gnawing sensualities of *Tristan and Isolde*. It was this new music and not the Jockey Club, as is ordinarily supposed, that brought about the failure of the piece in the Paris Opera House in the Rue Drouot. "What does the man mean?" cried the critics. "Shrieks of animals in the orchestra! He is laughing at us;" and the piece was hissed. But without this mad ballet and the re-written Venus—the Isolde Venus—the opera could not have failed. For there was nothing in the music of '47 to affright the critic: it is entirely in the style of Weber and the Italian tradition. It was the beautiful new music that did the wrecking. Perhaps there is nothing finer in *Tristan*—nothing so proudly, so divinely sensual as the new Venus music. Baudelaire, who only heard the old music, spoke of a Venus grown diabolic among ages that would no longer accept her as divine. What would he have said if he had heard the new music? Nothing, if he had heard it on Monday night. Mme. Adini sang so badly that I could hardly distinguish what she was singing. Sometimes she didn't get the note; and when she did get it, she dropped it. At times I wondered if she were singing the old music, which I had never heard, or if it were really the new music which I had heard in Bayreuth and in Paris. The Parisian interpretation was finer than the German. In Paris Venus was sung with such passion and intensity that I regret not being able to here mention the lady's name, and render such small tribute to her talent as this article may afford. I regret still more that I cannot point out with any degree of certainty where the new writing began and ended. I can only conjecture that it was mainly the part of Venus that Wagner re-wrote. I do not think that he materially altered Tannhäuser's music. The song in praise of Venus must be the music of '47: he touched it here and there, enveloping it in richer harmony. The way he seemed to have accomplished the re-writing was gathering his motives from the overture, modulating and harmonising with all the astonishing science he had acquired, making beautiful what was originally trivial. With his new science of modulation he redeemed the trivial little tune in the Venusberg music.

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Three years ago I had not heard Wagner. But one summer evening I was half-persuaded, half-forced to go to Drury Lane to hear the *Rheingold*. Out of the darkness came the booming of horns, violins almost inaudible, then the wind and some brass from the bottom of the orchestra! I understood that the intention was the primeval world, a world of granite, water, forest, and morass. . . . *Tristan* was to be given a few nights after, but all the seats were sold, and I went among my friends wailing for a place. At last I found shelter. That evening! Words cannot tell my delirium, my madness. The sublime exaltations of those days I shall not find again, a rapture and exaltation of soul never known before. . . . *Tristan*, the *Ring*—the gigantic *Ring*, the fabulous *Ring*—*The Valkyrie*, *Siegfried*, the enormous *Dusk of the Gods!* I looked out on this pathless world, on this lampless sea, as someone once did on a peak of Darien. Then came Bayreuth, the infinite magnificences of *Parsifal!* I can only write with points of exclamation. The joyous wealth of the Mastersingers at Munich. All these I fed upon: they were food and drink, life and death, and heaven and hell; and all conversation was weariness that was not praise of Wagner, of Wagner in his last style. *Lohengrin?* Yes, the prelude was no doubt beautiful, but *Tannhäuser* was abomination, the stain upon the forehead of the one great sublime impeccable artist. *Romeo and Juliet?* . . . How tame were Shakespeare's verses as compared with that ravishing music! How much deeper it went than verse! The balcony scene compared to the great duet on the flowering bank! The *Dutchman* I had never heard, nor have I yet heard it. One hearing of *Tannhäuser* was sufficient—I never wished to hear it again. That rhetorical overture! No, I really could not. . . . But in Paris last May I did not know how to pass the evening, and I had received a ticket for the first performance. "I shall be bored," I said, "by the pilgrims and the Venusberg, and the poor little Italian duet in the second act. But for the sake of the new music I will go. I can leave after the first scene." But I did not leave after the first scene; I sat listening to every note, and afterwards I declined supper, and sat till morning in the Champs Elysée thinking of the change that had come into my cherished conviction. For as I listened, at first inattentively, the feeling stole upon me that I was mistaken, and that this opera contained the most human music that Wagner ever wrote. The beautiful writing of *Parsifal* and *Tristan* was not there, but the emotion was purer and truer. Nor was it the new music that produced the deepest impression. I admired its beautiful dexterity; but the old music lifted, moved, enchanted me. There was a suffering man: he did repent for Elizabeth's sake; he was sorry for his unworthiness. But his flesh was thrall to Venus . . . he hated his infirmity. In this opera the soul cried out as I had never heard it cry before—and, after all, is not that the great point? The finale of the second act is pure Italian: but what matter the form? it is the inspiration we want. And, above all, how Rose Caron brought out the idea—a pure virgin, who speaks from the bottom of her virgin heart; almost unconsciously, the emotion produced the music as a flower produces perfume. Elizabeth's prayer was overburdened with feeling: it was too sad for anything; and Van Dick's rendering of the soul-exhausted knight who has not found peace in Rome and is inquiring out the way to Venus was charged with indeed a heavy weight of mortal anguish.

And Monday night did not destroy the impression which the Paris performance had created—my belief in the humanity of the music was confirmed: Wagner was a great man even in '47.

To expect the performance at Covent Garden to equal that of the Paris Opera House is to expect an impossibility. The Paris opera receives a subvention of thirty thousand a year, and the opera is rehearsed for three months in the intention of continual performances. But *Tannhäuser* will not be played half-a-dozen times, if that, before the close of the season. These things considered, the London performance was extraordinarily complete. Mlle. Bauermeister sang the shepherd song exquisitely, I thought; and the stage management of the second act left nothing to be desired. But it is necessary that the vision of Venus should not happen in the foundations of the castle, and that the funeral *cortége* should come in from the back, and that the body of Elizabeth should be covered up.

G. M.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

LOCAL VETO AND THE LIBERAL DEFEAT.

SIR,—The Local Veto Bill has lost us this election. Sir W. Harcourt's dogged insistence upon challenging a verdict upon it, and Mr. Morley's foolish vapourings about pressing forward the measure, whether popular or not, have had a most injurious effect upon the Liberal cause in the boroughs.

On the other hand, the Liberal victory at Bolton shows what can be done, even in a hotbed of Toryism, by a popular candidate whose views on temperance reform do not arouse the active antagonism of the liquor trade, and yet who is sufficiently advanced on the question to secure the support of temperance electors.

The Veto Bill, upon which the Liberal leaders have staked the party's very existence, is now doomed; but it is a thousand pities that this result could not have been accomplished in a manner less disastrous to the cause of Liberalism.—Yours, etc.,

Bolton, July 16th, 1895. A CONSTANT READER.

CAST OUT.

—patriae quis exsul
Se quoque fugit? (Hor. II., xvi., 20.)

O BITTER heart!
walking through earth's dry places seeking rest,
and finding none: still yearning to be blest,
yet blessing none: ill-host, unwelcome guest,
thy graceless daily part!

Better to break
on some forsaken and forgotten shore,
like that whereto Ægean surges bore
poor Danae, outcast in the days of yore
for her heart's darling's sake,

than faint in vain,
with hungering for wife, and babe, and home;
with craving for old love that cannot come—
for thou hast spent and scattered it like foam—
into thy life again.

Better to die
ere worse befall, and, passing to the goal—
if goal there be for such deserted soul—
trust them to wipe thy record from the roll
of their sweet charity!

than linger here,
exile self-sentenced; wretch without appeal,
cut off from pity by a door of steel
of thine own forging! Better die than feel
thou canst not claim a tear!

J. W. DE LYS.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

THE TASTE OF THE GROUNDLINGS.

THE literary critic has few enjoyments, poor man! If he have any fastidious love of his craft, with what pleasure can he read the multitude of new books, most of them formless and fugitive? How can he pass Mr. Mudie's emporium in Oxford Street without wishing that, after the manner of Bishop Hatto of pious memory, he could collect nearly all the contemporary authors of popular literature under that roof, and set fire to the building? As he cannot gratify this homicidal impulse, he consoles himself now and then by giving some stout knocks to the huge, unwieldy, complacent Public. This entertainment has the double attraction of letting off accumulated bile without any risk of personal inconvenience. The critic cannot pitch into contemporary authors without provoking reprisals; for the contemporary author is not an image of meekness, and he retorts upon you with a spirit which, as often as not, has the effect of increasing the number of his readers. It is a well-known commercial maxim that there is nothing like a thorough "slating" of an author to send up his "sales," especially when he calls heaven and earth to witness the brutality of the onslaught. This, on the whole, is no pastime to the critic, who, in addition to the personal unpleasantness incidental to such controversy, has, in an acute degree the disagreeable sense of his own futility as a destroyer. It may be equally futile to trounce the Public instead of the author; but, at any rate, that occupation is exhilarating. You have a sort of golfing satisfaction in driving the ball off the "tee" into space, without finding it later in one of those irritating "bunkers," in which the ironical publisher inters your unfavourable notice amongst his advertisements of the fourteenth edition.

Mr. Edmund Gosse has been trouncing the Public in the *North American Review*. He conducts this operation with great spirit, a little exaggeration, and a considerable measure of justice. The Public is the "vast and Tartar horde of readers that now devastate the plains of literature." They clamour for fiction, and more fiction, for "a new writer" and a new sensation every week. They want quantity above all things, and for quality they care nothing at all. The "new writer" is hastily devoured and forgotten, and his bones are bleaching at the secondhand bookseller's in a month. "The time has passed when the people were content to sit in the shade of the fresh laurel-tree, and to celebrate the immortal gods with cheerfulness." Mr. Gosse recognises that the people who carried on the pursuit of letters in this leisurely fashion belonged to a period when books were few, when circulating libraries did not exist, and when the taste for the cheap and facile reading of what a Parliamentary candidate, who owns a publication called *Comic Cuts*, recently described on his placards as "pure literature" was still in its infancy. You cannot sit under "a fresh laurel-tree" now, because a laurel-tree takes some little time to grow; and the shrub which comes up in a night for the delectation of the "Tartar horde" cannot, in the nature of things, gratify the sensitive student of horticulture. But when the groundlings take to reading with enormous zest and small knowledge, you cannot expect them to prefer cultivated meditation to violent delights. Story-books they must have, and these are not likely to cling to "literary traditions." A certain ferment of new ideas is sure to find rather crude expression; and the literary critic, who is conservative in his social theories, must needs be offended. If he be philosophical, as Mr. Gosse is, in spite of some picturesque excess of illustration, he will leave the new ideas to the effectual criticism of Time, and possibly chasten himself, now and again, with the thought that his conservatism may not be the whole sum of research.

But the literary critic's abiding quarrel with the "Tartar horde" is that they have no appreciation of good workmanship in letters. They prefer Rider Haggard to Stevenson, just as aforetime they preferred Harrison Ainsworth to Thackeray. The tabulated popularity of authors in the free libraries reduces the literary critic to despair. Style, which is precious to him, is wasted on the groundling. Mr. Gosse's worst apprehension is that our writers will be lured more and more by the temptation of "sales" to disregard the real obligation of literature. "The only hope," he says, "is that in spite of the indifference to, nay, the positive dislike of careful writing, on the part of the Public, those who write, being themselves artists or artisans, shall continue to give to their production this technical finish which alone invests it with dignity and value." In "some of our youngest fellow-craftsmen," however, he sees "a relaxation of this noble zeal." There are suggestions abroad that "to write with care is an 'affectation,' an 'artifice,' that style may take care of itself, and that 'an unchartered freedom' is the best badge of a writer." Here the literary critic is in his element, and he does well to demand that in style there shall be no compromise with the Public. In some quarters there is a disposition to waive this standard of criticism. The *Edinburgh* is inclined to dudgeon because Stevenson complained that Scott very often wrote exceeding ill, in sheer indifference to form. The undisciplined freedom of that prodigal genius is no vindication of slipshod writing; nor is it an answer to Stevenson to say that he suffered somewhat from laborious revision. It is an extremely uncritical assumption that a fine style emanates from poverty of matter; certainly the matter which comes under the notice of the reviewer to-day has no luxuriance to justify the vices of manner which pass unheeded of the "Tartar horde." Mr. Gosse says most justly that not a little of the "minor poetry" which is held up to derision has the virtue of maintaining our ideal of

diction. "There is always the effort behind it to construct, to select, to preserve the noble forms of traditional writing, an effort which starts it from a distinctly higher standpoint. And the verse of a far better class, the poetry that is accomplished and refined without being positively epoch-making—such verse, I make bold to say, is the very salt which keeps the mass of our common style from decay. The bad prose writer is content to stammer forth his sentences in obedience to no tradition whatever; the bad poet is always conscious of the great masters in the background." The minor bard has reason to be grateful to Mr. Gosse for this necessary and timely appreciation. The making of verses, as many of us know, may not lead to the summit of Parnassus: but it teaches the use of the language with delicacy and precision; and when it has shaped this tool, it often sends a good workman to the service of prose. The trouble of the minor poet is that he does not always see when his apprenticeship to couplet and quatrain, to ballad and sonnet, is ended, and when his duty to prose begins. If like a Pied Piper of criticism, Mr. Gosse could tempt these children of the Muse, who will always remain children while they continue to dabble in rhyme, to the school of a more potent instrument of expression, they might grow up to redeem a good many books in multitudinous editions from the reproach of a nice derangement of prosody.

Elsewhere the Public is not insensible to artistic semblance. Fiction in France may have "a spice of hysteria and disease," but at least it has distinction. A French author does not plunge headlong among the groundlings till he has learned how to write. He is not told that he has made "a definite contribution to literature" when he has merely made chaos of his parts of speech. Style in France is a test of merit, still rigorously enforced; and if there were equal rigour here, we might in time abate the appetite of the "Tartar horde" for masterpieces of bad English. But, to approach that consummation, we need a community of aim among reviewers; and this seems even more remote than the consecration of good prose at Mr. Mudie's for its own sake.

L. F. A.

REVIEWS.

A SCOTTISH MINISTER.

Life and Letters of John Cairns, D.D., LL.D. By Alexander R. Macewen, D.D. London: Hodder & Stoughton.

We have had of late much Scotch romance in which the poor scholar, the dominie, the doctor and the minister have largely figured. But here we have the reality, and we must frankly confess that the reality seems to us more romantic than the romance. The life of the late John Cairns well deserved to be written, and has been written admirably, with grace and rare tact, with insight, too, and judgment, with ample knowledge and vivid sympathy. Dr. Macewen has preserved the life of a good man in a biography which takes rank as literature, and ought to be full of instruction to all who would understand the men and churches, the theology and the philosophy of Scotland from the second to the last quarter of this century, and who would also know how its provincialism was broken down and its spirit freed from the too rigid bonds of Presbyterian tradition and custom. John Cairns was no ordinary man. The son of a shepherd, himself a shepherd boy, born a cotter, brought up one of a large family in a house that never had more than its *but* and *ben*, he yet by sheer strength of brain and will became the foremost man of his own Church, and one of the most marked, admired and loved men of his generation. The stock he came of was good, though it was so humble. Simplicity, integrity, intellectual faculty of no mean order, high purpose and moral strength were of its very essence, as anyone may see for himself who reads some remarkable letters from his father which are here published, for they are significant of the high thoughts that made the lowly way of the shepherd luminous with the light that never was on sea or shore.

But the real importance of the biography lies in its typical character. Few men had the native endowments of Cairns, but many less highly endowed men have made for the same goal with almost as much success. From the farmers and shepherds and hinds of his own border county and out from the humble parish school, a very remarkable number of men have gone forth to the university and to high places in science, literature, and the Church. The writer of this review can recall the names of six Principals of universities or colleges of university rank, double the number of Moderators of one or other of the Presbyterian Churches, a host of doctors of divinity or medicine, and several who have attained high eminence in various walks in scholarship and in science, who have all within this century come of these simple Border folk whose dignity is altogether of a spiritual kind. Cairns may thus be regarded as a though notable, yet a perfectly normal product of his Church and race; and he retained to the end their characteristics. Large of bone, strong of muscle, a massive and powerful, though by no means an elegant figure, he was yet to the very end as simple in manner, as keen in intellect, as vivid in speech, as when, alert of mind and voracious for knowledge, he began his career as an outwardly awkward but inwardly well ordered student at Edinburgh.

Here is a notable entry, significant of his early struggles, in a letter to his parents:—

"Rise at 8; 8.30—10, Latin class; 10—1, private study; 1—2, Logic class; 2—3, Greek class; 4—12.30, private study.

"As to meals—breakfast on porridge and treacle at 8.15; dine on broth and mutton, or varieties of potatoes with beef or fish, at 3.15, coffee at 7; if hungry, a little bread before bed. I can live quite easily and comfortably on 3s. or 3s. 6d. per week, and when you see me you will find that I have grown fat on student's fare."

This was the dainty dish on which one of the most distinguished students of his day performed his daily task rather less than sixty years ago, and he had no sense that he was doing a remarkable or courageous thing; in a word, he fed himself for a whole week on a sum that would not much more than meet in many an English college a single hall-dinner, and accomplished an amount of work which an English college rarely sees done. But then he did not live to dine; Spartan fare meant a Spartan spirit, which faces gaunt poverty without feeling in it any disgrace or any need for shame. His academic career was brilliant, and did honour to the teaching of his parish schoolmaster and to his own diligence whilst herding the sheep. He began his career as a student just as Sir William Hamilton was beginning his as a professor, and Hamilton was wont to say that he never had a more distinguished student than John Cairns. We have an incidental glimpse of one who fell by the way and of whom no further record is given in this book, but who had in him the making of a scholar of the foremost order. Mr. Inglis, the minister of Stockbridge, near Cockburnspath, receives due recognition at the hands both of Dr. Cairns and his biographer. The church at Stockbridge is a lonely one—built right up at the foot of the Lammermoors, remote from any human habitation, a point at which scattered farmers and lone shepherds used to meet, and, indeed, still meet, each Sabbath to receive the intellectual stimulus and spiritual food on which they lived, or yet live, throughout the week. There the minister trained a son, who, when he went up to college, surprised professors by his acquaintance with obscure and little known classical writers, and still more by the contrast of his outward figure and his inward furnishing.

Among Cairns's contemporaries and friends at the university were some very notable men. George

Wilson, a most beautiful spirit, a master of the most graceful English style, the biographer of Edward Forbes, chemist, technologist, whose delightful "Five Gateways of Knowledge" was one of the rarest literary pleasures of our boyhood; Daniel Wilson, his elder brother, man of letters and archæologist, late Principal of Toronto University; David Masson, whose picture of the frenzied metaphysician chasing the revolving street Arab in the dim dusk, in front of what is now the Scott Monument, is one of the most picturesque bits in the book; John Brown, later to be known as the author of "Rab and His Friends," creator, one may say, of the short Scotch story, genial lover of dogs, generous critic of art, kindly counsellor of many, and friend of all who had need of the intellectual sympathy that was an inspiration to effort and achievement. In this circle Cairns moved like a king of men, feeling his way to reasons for his own standing ground, looking with his own eyes at the problems that were then rising in philosophy and in criticism. As he had come to the university from a home which had not means enough to supply even his Spartan simplicity, he eked out the willing help that came mostly in kind from Dunglass by his earnings as a tutor or the smaller bursaries that were the reward of his merit. When his undergraduate and theological course were ended he was able to pass to Germany, one of the pioneers on the then almost unknown sea of German metaphysics and theology. While studying in the fatherland we have some most interesting letters from him with graphic descriptions of Neander, of Ranke, of Schelling, of Erdmann, and Tholuck. Here is his account of Neander:—

". . . Precisely at 11.15 a.m., in shuffles a little black Jew, without hat in hand or a scrap of paper, and strides up to a high desk, where he stands the whole time, resting his elbows upon it, and never once opening his eyes or looking his class in the face; the worst type of Jewish physiognomy in point of intellect, though without its cunning or sensuality; the face meaningless, pale and sallow, with low forehead, and nothing striking but a pair of enormous black eyebrows.

"The figure is dressed in a dirty-brown surtout, blue plush trousers, and dirty top-boots. It begins to speak. The voice is loud and clear, and marches on with academic stateliness and gravity, and even something of musical softness mixes with its notes. Suddenly the speaker turns to a side. It is to spit, which act is repeated every second sentence. You now see in his hands a twisted pen, which is gradually stripped of every hair and then torn to pieces in the course of his mental working. His feet, too, begin to turn. The left pirouettes round and round, and at the close of an emphatic period, strikes violently against the wall.

"When he has finished his lecture, you see only a mass of saliva and the rags of his pen. Neander is out of all sight the most wonderful being in the university. For knowledge, spirituality, good sense and indomitable spirit of the finest discretion on moral subjects, the old man is a real marvel in every way. In private he is the kindest, but also the most awkward of mortals, and, although a *Consistorial-Rath*, is scarcely able to give directions to his own *Stiefer*."

Indeed, his letters of travel are at all times of his career full of interest, and it is remarkable yet characteristic that some of the most interesting are sent to humble correspondents—the Scotch farmer, or his sister, or his spouse, to a farm grieve, or the master of a little wayside school. So taken, they are as significant of the interests of his correspondents as of the man himself.

Of his work as a minister, this is not the place to speak; the book will give it. Nor can we say much as to his achievements as an author. It must be confessed that his performance was not at all equal to his promise. Why it should have been so we have never been able exactly to determine. The reasons were probably many. He was in some respects the most courageous of men, in others the most timid. His intellectual life begins at the time when philosophy had become at once infructuously dogmatic, unskilfully critical, and constructively impotent. Germany, as he came to know it, was struggling under the quickly-delivered blows of the earlier Strauss. His "Leben Jesu" was just nine years old; his "Dogmatik," which to many seemed even more deadly, was only four; and the young Hegelians of the Left were in all the fulness and force of their destructive vigour. And he never escaped from the feeling that they were at once the logical results of the transcendental philosophy and the legitimate exponents of its historical criticism. And, besides, he got drawn into that whirlpool, very fatal to the minds of the higher Scotch Churchmen, the Ecclesiastical Courts. They are essentially the Parliaments of the Church parties, often veritable palaver houses, and such Parliaments are not favourable to theological productivity and independence. The fathers and brethren were then far more excellent men individually than they were wise or liberal, or helpful men collectively. Republican uniformity is in its way quite as repressive as monarchical; nay, its jealousies are far more intense, for its eyes are more numerous and searching. But nothing could take from Cairns the praise of the large and fine nobleness of nature that was his natural and spiritual inheritance. He was one of the most picturesque figures that could be seen on the streets of Edinburgh. In his build and guise and gait he was as characteristic as either Sir Walter Scott or Christopher North or John Stuart Blackie. To know him was to love him; all his peculiarities of manner and speech and thought added to the effect. He was in the highest and noblest sense other-worldly. There was something distinctive in his disregard, which was altogether unconscious, of the smaller *convenances* of life. Taken all in all, he was one of the most perfect of Nature's gentlemen, disciplined by service, perfumed by a charitable temper, with a graciousness of mind which he owed to large fellowship with the Master he loved. He lived among his people, a man all men esteemed and no man could despise, for he never ceased to be as honest as a child, as humble as a Christian, upright and honourable as a man. We rejoice that his memory has been so fully and faithfully preserved, and that the romance of what appears to many an idealised humble life has been rebuked and eclipsed by this more romantic reality.

INDUSTRIAL LONDON.

Life and Labour of the People of London. Edited by Charles Booth. Vols. V. and VI.: Population Classified by Trades. London: Macmillan & Co.

The great work of descriptive sociology undertaken by Mr. Charles Booth and his helpers is now drawing towards its conclusion. The two volumes before us deal with thirty-seven out of the eighty-nine callings into which, for his purpose, the population of London may conveniently be grouped. He has now reached the end of the textile trades; the next volume, which may be expected within the next six months, will deal with the clothing trades, with the employments concerned with food, drink, and locomotion, with wholesale and retail commerce, the professions, and domestic service. Finally, the eighth volume will summarise and generalise the conclusions obtained by comparing the social condition of the various industrial groups dealt with in the earlier volumes of the work.

Now of these volumes perhaps the most important part is the application of the two tests of comfort devised by Mr. Booth, and expounded some years ago to the Royal Statistical Society, to each group of trades. These tests, it may be remembered, consisted of earnings in the first place, and the number of rooms occupied, or the "servant test" in the second. The introduction to the first of the volumes before us opens with the explanation of the first test, which was applied, by means of census statistics obtained in advance of publication from the Registrar-General, to the population of London as a whole. It may be remembered that it brought out the fact that (roughly speaking) four-fifths of the families of London keep no servants, and of those who do, half keep only a struggling "general," while

the percentage of households with more than four servants is almost fractional. Then this test of comfort was compared with that of earnings—with limitations and corrections which space precludes our mentioning—and the correspondence was found to be fairly satisfactorily verified. These volumes now apply the tests by sections to groups of trades, but they also contain masses of information about these trades—the ages of the men employed; the subdivision of labour; the apprenticeship question; how the men live (illustrated by typical instances), and, in some cases, in what districts; the recent labour disputes; the degree in which the men belong to friendly societies; the regularity of employment; and a mass of interesting incidental detail about the methods and conditions of manufacture from which even the least sociologically-minded reader must pick out something interesting. Such a reader will probably find the elaborate diagrams, which illustrate by the "graphic method" the proportion of men of different ages employed in the various sections of a trade, as compared with that employed in the trade as a whole, are rather above his comprehension, and will skip the pages of statistics, which are probably the most valuable part of the book. We certainly have no intention of anticipating Mr. Booth's final volume by summarising his conclusions: to do so at all would be to write a section of the volume, and for that we have neither time nor space. We notice, however, what a useful test of relative comfort the "room and servant test" supplies, as worked out by Mr. Booth. In the dyeing trade, 45·2 per cent. of the workmen pass it; of goldsmiths and jewellers, 41·5 per cent.; in engineering trades, 40·9 per cent.; while the glass-trades fall to 27·8, and the bookbinders to 27·5 per cent. This is merely one striking instance of the way in which statistical science in skilful hands is providing measuring instruments for a science where vagueness is usually unavoidable and nearly always dangerous.

But the ordinary reader, as we have said above, will certainly find very much to interest him in these volumes. Does he own a suburban house? Mr. Aves will tell him many curious things about jerry-building, which is at its worst in the workmen's colonies in the cheaper suburbs, and expose for him the sham solidity of the showy beams in many a modern Elizabethan house. Is he interested in watches? Mr. Duckworth has a curious little bit of history for him: how Clerkenwell influence years ago prevented the grant of a charter to a company for making watches by machinery, and so the trade went off to America. Now, Clerkenwell can still make the very best watches, which *must* be made by hand, but still the trade is decaying, as is seen by the proportion of old men in it. Is he inclined to moralise—like Mr. Balfour—on the weaknesses of human reason? Stained glass, he will learn, has a much better effect if it is not consciously arranged to look pretty—if it is, there is too much pattern about it. Has he fears that English trade will not become adequately specialised or adapted to new conditions? Well, electric lighting is a new employment, and comprises in itself a hundred trades, with practically no one unemployed in them during the exceptional depression of 1893. Has he, as most of us have, a general economic interest in labour questions? He will find here a mass of information on every subject he can think of, of which we may take as one sample an argument, notable, if not quite true, for overtime. Suppose extra work comes at certain seasons regularly, it is better that the regular men should work overtime at those seasons, than that extra men should be employed; otherwise the trade will be loaded with a number of partially employed strugglers—as house-painting notoriously is. Indeed the evidence of this book tends, as usual, to insist on the blessedness of the prosperous but dull condition of regular work for regular wage.

One point we must notice in view of the legislation against alien immigration, with which we are threatened by the new Government. Where do these aliens threaten our people? We find them in special branches, like making bamboo furniture, jewellery, and, in a lower walk of life, fur-pulling; but even here there does not seem to be any appreciable competition of their skilled labour with ours. They have special trades, or branches of trade, nearly to themselves; and from one, the making of barometers and thermometers, our men have driven them out. Is it different lower down in the scale? And if not—and the official statistics do not support Lord Salisbury and Mr. Chamberlain—is it not better to wait to apply to Parliament until they do?

AN EXEMPLARY CRITIC.

Select Essays of Sainte-Beuve. Translated by A. J. Butler. London: Edward Arnold.

Unconquerable sanity is the note of Sainte-Beuve, common-sense raised to the power of genius by patience, by self-discipline, by study not divorced from imagination. Rarely can we call him beautiful, rarely wonderful, rarely, in the greatest sense, profound; but he has the tone and temper of the true classic, in love with all excellence, intolerant of all caprice. His was his nation's ease of manner, and joined with it a more serious *gravitas*, *auctoritas*, of learning: without rhapsody, without dulness, he puts in order the thoughts of a laborious and a lofty intellect, meditating upon the best things in literature. Strictly speaking, he is no partisan; classic, romantic, each is acceptable to him, if only it be a consistent work, loyal to its own laws, not wayward and irregular entirely. For he saw, as Mr. Pater saw, that "classical" work was "romantic" to its contemporaries, full of a strange and noble freshness in its beauty and appeal. "A true classic, as I should like to hear it defined, is an author who has enriched the human mind, who has really augmented its treasures, who has made it take one more step forward, who has discovered some unequivocal moral truth, or has once more seized hold of some eternal passion in that heart where all seemed known or explored; who has rendered his thought, his observation, or his discovery, under no matter what form, but broad and large, refined, sensible, sane, and beautiful in itself; who has spoken to all in a style of his own which yet belongs to all the world, in a style which is new without neologisms, new and ancient, easily contemporaneous with every age. Such a classic may have been revolutionary for a moment, or at least may have seemed to be, but he is not so; he has not, in the first instance, fallen upon everything around him; he has overthrown only what was in his way so as quickly to replace the balance in favour of order and beauty."

That famous passage, weigh it well, will be found to sanction all that is best in any "return to nature," any devotion to "reality," any absorption in "art"; it is essential to remember that new movements and ideals begin by destroying obstacles, before they succeed in contributing their own share to the sum of eternal "order and beauty." Of Sainte-Beuve's work, other than critical and historical, one does not very willingly speak; but the poet in him, the man of romance, undoubtedly helped the critic. Hugo, receiving him to the Academy, spoke thus: "You will establish, as a definite conclusion, that if there be always, at the bottom of philosophical systems, something human—that is to say, something vague and indecisive, yet at the same time there is always in art—whatever be its age, whatever its form, something divine—that is to say, something certain and absolute. . . . By your researches in philology, by the suppleness and catholicity of your intellect, by the vivacity of your thoughts, always subtle, often fruitful, by that mixture of learning and of imagination which keeps the poet in you from disappearing beneath the critic, and the critic from ever quite stripping the

poet, you recall to the Academy one of its dearest and most lamented members, our excellent and charming Nodier, at once so distinguished and so gentle." Appreciating to the full Taine's doctrine of the *milieu*, he never allowed a would-be scientific rigour of theory to enslave him: his method was a patient and intimate study of his themes, until he was at home with them, had something of a friend's or contemporary's close knowledge of them; then were brought to bear the experience of a later judgment, the teaching of time, the general verdict of posterity, together with his widest conceptions and convictions in the matter of art, as a thing really one and the same, *ubique et semper et pro omnibus*. He had, what so often goes to the making of a good judge, a keen interest in the personal, biographical, antiquarian aspect of his subject, which helped him to a personal good understanding. We scarcely look to a Frenchman of this century for a sympathetic estimate of Cowper; but Sainte-Beuve appreciates him, his household, his pet hares, Mrs. Unwin's knitting-needles, all that little Olney life with its intense and narrow pietism, as thoroughly, as cordially, as any Englishman. Largely from him Mr. Arnold learned the art of happy quotation, an infallible instinct for the telling, essential, typical passages or incidents—as in the essays upon Maurice and Eugénie de Guérin, from the domestic side, and in those upon Joubert and Amiel, from the intellectual. This volume contains many of Sainte-Beuve's essays upon English literature, and it is curious to note how infallibly he chooses for illustration precisely those quotations, precisely those personal details, which an English critic would choose. So to get at the heart, the *vraie verité*, of an alien literature, is a rare accomplishment. We all know how a foreigner is apt to wonder at our choice of this or that as characteristically excellent, in some masterpiece of his literature, as typical in his country's social life; Sainte-Beuve, with rare exceptions, does not rouse our wonder, for he is almost always right. In mere accuracy of information he is admirable, as a little note in this volume helps to show. He quotes, as having been quoted by Pope, a sentence from Seneca. Mr. Butler observes that the sentence appears to be inaccurate, and that he cannot discover where Pope quoted it. But Mr. Butler will find the sentence quoted, with the inaccuracy which he rightly points out, in Pope's letter to Steele of June 18th, 1712. In such matters as these, not in themselves of supreme importance, but indications of conscientious workmanship, Sainte-Beuve sets a valuable example. His writing is full of charm and of felicity, but it is always full of thought, not brilliant by wealth of cunning words and well-fancied phrases: the scholar is always there, and the large serenity, the calm severity that come of scholarship. And because he is thus sure and safe he inspires confidence. Such a man's judgment, like that of the round world, is *secure*: we are disposed to trust him and to respect even his less convincing sentences. When he does convince he convinces like a classic, with grave and memorable pronouncements like those of a weighty master—much enduring, long experienced. Thus: "classical literature never complains, never groans, never feels ennui. Sometimes, in company with sorrow and by way of sorrow, one may outstrip it; but beauty is more tranquil." He allows, you see, what is due to the voices of revolt, despair, nostalgia; but he takes us home to the austere, the controlled, the mightier masters, in the exquisitely just and noble sentence: *Beauty is more tranquil*. That turbid, sick, distracted longings exist is no proof that they are equally good matter of art with the more settled and universal emotions of men: each age has its own melancholies and maladies, its own endurances and strength. The former are less "classic," partake less of eternity, than the latter.

It is much the same side that he upholds in all questions of art. To an age of genius gone mad with individual license, with perpetual innovation, he recalls the artful pains of Pope, whose theory was "that of Virgil, of Racine, of Raphael, of all those who in matters of art are not for realism, for frankness at any price, even that of crudity, for force at any price, even that of violence." That a thing *can* be said cleverly, dexterously, well, is no overwhelming reason for saying it: the question remains, Is it worth saying? Does art—that fine flower of human effort, really gain by it? The Greek anthology, or the mass of Italian renaissance poetry—how dull, how dead most of it is now, and was from the first! Yet much of that lifeless work is perfectly wrought. Against Alexandrianism old and new, Sainte-Beuve sets his face: it is stupid, sterile, meaningless, this elaboration of nothing. But give him a living work, be it Pindar's odes or Chesterfield's letters, and he will relish it, "taste" it, sympathise with it, disengage its abiding truth and value from that in it which is of its own generation only. Your ideal critic, like your ideal classic, must be at once patriot and citizen of the world, fully of his own age and of all ages; no one is completely so, but the greatest come near to it. This is urbanity, a magnificence of good manners, a universal courtesy, a true "gentleness" and "gentility": the *homo sum* of the artist and scholar, the man of *literæ humaniores*. Sainte-Beuve is not a Goethe, but his work is invaluable, partly by reason of its being so appreciable by men to whom supreme genius makes less appeal. He has a conscience, a manner, an habitual mood, whose delicacy, seriousness, and strength can be a guide to all critics, however diverse be their views and judgments. A critic under his spell, following his light, could write essays upon Æschylus, Cicero, St. Augustine, Petrarch, Spenser, Boileau, Keats, and come down to these days of Dr. Ibsen, M. Verlaine, Mr. Swinburne, and Mr. Francis Thompson, and in all show himself sane, judicious, enthusiastic, stern; but what self-discipline, what studious patience, what largeness and liberality of outlook that implies! For it does not mean a careless impartiality, a *reductio ad absurdum* of catholicity in taste. It means a constant honesty in striving to regulate and harmonise our instinctive tastes by contact and converse with wide ranges of acknowledged and various masterpieces. Sooner or later, a vision of the unity of art, the presence of a "Wisdom strongly and sweetly disposing all things" will be revealed to us: the self-same spirit working in the diverse operations of Homer and Horace, of Milton and Pope. But such is human perversity, some of us remain always hide-bound pedants, academicians of the parish, others revolutionaries and rebels for mere love of change, for mere wantonness and impatience of control. Sainte-Beuve was wiser, and his influence becomes more desirable every day. To Mr. Butler, who has admirably translated some of his best work, and some that is most attractive and appealing to English readers, we offer our hearty thanks.

DOMESTIC STATE PAPERS.

CALENDAR OF STATE PAPERS. Domestic Series, 1670. With Addenda, 1660 to 1670.—January to November, 1671. Edited by T. H. Blackburne Daniell, M.A. London: Eyre & Spottiswoode.

THESE bulky volumes of State papers are edited in untoward fashion. There is no preface to the first, because, says the editor, "it is deemed inadvisable to increase the size." Result—a mighty maze without a plan. In the preface to each predecessor one had a systematic account of the contents; themes as "Ireland," the "Navy," "Religious Troubles," being grouped under the various headings, the reader discovered every point of interest or importance. The series needs must contain much rubbish. The most indefatigable inquirer cannot be expected to read through, and *sans* preface, the very things he wants escape his notice. True there is a bulky index of over 100 pages; but how to guess whether the reference be worth turning up or no? One harpoons a treasure ever and anon.

Thus there is a curious contemporary account of the great fire of London in a letter addressed to Lord Conway. The praises nobly hymned by Dryden's "Annus Mirabilis" to Charles II. and the Duke of York for their re lef labours were well deserved; they were indefatigable in directing the blowing up of houses with gunpowder, and thus making a space across which the flames could not bridge. This was the only method for stopping the mischief since there was every lack of water. The King relieved the poor "with infinite quantities of bread and cheese." The Tower escaped by its destructive cannonade of the surrounding houses. When the fire touched the Temple the mob took to wrecking the east end of the Strand to save Somerset House. People bore off their goods by day and night, and the price of carts is oddly characterised as "inhuman." But, says the scribe, it was not plot, since all the rumours when tested are proved baseless; besides, no rising follows, nor any attempt on the King's or Duke's person.

Many strange side-lights are thrown on the time. Thus Sir Francis Doddington was appointed Commissioner of Appeal in the Excise. This was worth £200 a year; but Doddington, being a Papist, could hold no office. It was nominally granted to William Coward, the nephew, during pleasure; he did the work, and for this received £50 a year, the rest going to Sir Francis. How easily, after all, was the Test Act difficulty overcome. So absolutely did Sir Francis consider the post his own that he disposed of it by will. An entry of like date (June 13, 1670) shows the harshness of the Anti-Quaker laws. In some meeting houses the officers broke down the pulpit and the seats, and nailed up the doors. At a Mr. Doelittle's meeting the hearers rallied so close about their pastor that he was incapable of access. They called to him to leave off and come down, to which he replied he would so soon as he had done, and so he did, "but by way of conveyance so that he was not to be seen afterwards." Kings and queens bulk large. Charles II. has about seven columns in the index. The offices held by his menial servants are worth a passing note. One can guess what the harbinger, the arbourer, the arquebester, the corporant keeper, the moletaker and the oustringer may have been, though scarce their exact duties. Petitions of prisoners to be released, and pardons, are scattered up and down. Thus one Sumerwell, who lay in the Tolbooth, Edinboro', under sentence of death for murder, is allowed to go free for divers quaint reasons. He protests his innocence; he is willing to pay the charges of the prosecution, but, that mercy may be mixed with justice, he is to be banished the kingdom.

Although both indexing and editing are, excepting the want of a preface, excellently done, it were hopeless to expect complete accuracy. On p. 27 there is an odd though minute misunderstanding. A news-letter of 20th January, 1670, tells how, on the departure of the Earl of Lauderdale from Edinburgh, "the senators of the college, with others, waited on him." As this is indexed, it might seem to refer to the University of Edinburgh, but it really means the Lords of Session or Judges, who were always called "Senators of the College of Justice."

The second volume before us contains a like mixture of things great and small, solemn and ridiculous, sad and gay. It is the eleventh real, though not nominal, year of Charles II., and his personality bulks large. He deserves the epithet of the "Merry Monarch." Thus he attends a sort of *bal masqué* at Gray's Inn; he sails about in his yacht the *Cleveland;* he frequents Winsford, Guildford, Tilbury, and Epping Forest, and wherever he goes there is high junkettings. He visits Yarmouth, and feeds heartily on the sea-made herrings. The Corporation present him with a wall of golden herrings hung on a golden chain. Everywhere he is in favour, and he is equally affable whether hob-nobbing with my Lord Mayor and the Common Council in the Town House, or touching afflicted children on the street for the King's Evil. One fancies much real kindness of disposition, in spite of all his faults, underlay that vanished majesty. Cromwell might be supposed forgotten, yet his inoffensive son Richard was hunted after, though without success. The laws against the Nonconformists were urged vigorously, but the persecuted were stubborn and ingenious. They brought actions against the informers, and ruined them in costs. They evaded the law by removing or hiding their goods. The Quakers were most troublesome. Eleven being arrested near Lowestoft, refused to go with the constable; a cart was procured into which they were laid, one on the top of the other. At the Court House they still kept up their system of passive resistance; they refused to come out till the carter tilted up the vehicle and pitched them summarily into the mud. The Government was pressed to put the laws against Papists into force. They issued proclamations, and there let the matter drop. One wild popular rumour was of Popish gentlemen in Bedfordshire, who kept thirty, sixty, and eighty horses apiece in vaults underground in readiness for a rising. An even madder story is that of the Cornish witch, who "was said to have confessed that she had hindered the Duke of York from prosecuting his victory over the Dutch; that she was the cause of the Queen's barrenness, and that she had caused the bull to kill Colonel Robinson because he persecuted Nonconformists, of which she was one." These rumours, highly flattering to her vanity, were ignored at the assizes. She was acquitted because she was "maze," and forthwith she vanishes. Another story hails from Coventry. Children were being kidnapped to furnish bloodbaths, that the French king might be cured of a leprosy. This myth actually diminished the attendance at school. There were the usual attempts to stop the growth of London, yet the reasons have a touch of novelty. The houses being built were not good ones; they would choke up the air in the King's parks and palaces, and would endanger the water-supply of Whitehall. There are the invariable complaints of lack of money for the navy; the officials at Deptford are nearly torn to pieces. At Chatham the defrauded workmen threatened a march on London. Those who victualled the ships could not get their pay; in consequence, they were behind with supplies. The poorest suffered, but no one laid the blame on extravagance in high places.

SOME RECENT VERSE.

SCOTTISH POETRY OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY. (Abbotsford Series.) Edited by George Eyre-Todd. Glasgow: William Hodge & Co.

THE TENTH MUSE AND OTHER POEMS. By Sir Edwin Arnold. London: Longmans.

A COUNTRY MUSE. By Norman Gale. London: Constable & Co.

MARIANA. By José Echegaray. (Cameo Series.) London: T. Fisher Unwin.

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER. By Augusta Webster. London: Macmillan & Co.

THE VEILED FIGURE AND OTHER POEMS. London: Williams & Norgate.

IN a very serviceable form Mr. George Eyre-Todd has edited the Scottish Cavalier poets, appending to his generous selections from their work very comprehensive biographies. Drummond of Hawthornden, and Montrose with his immortal love song, make the glories of this collection; but Southrons will rejoice to have set before them the less familiar work of Sir Robert Aytoun, Sir David Murray, Sir William Alexander, Earl of Stirling, Sir Robert Ker, and the Semples of Beltrees. The lighter graces of the Muse seem in those days to have been invidiously conferred on Royalists, and it is interesting to compare these half gay, half tender lyrics with the exquisite songs, the making of which seemed to come by nature to every gallant at Elizabeth's Court, and the

Courts of the first Stuarts. The book is an accurate guide to a division of one of the most charming periods of English poetry. One says "English" advisedly, for except the Semples of Beltrees the Scottish Cavalier poets seem to have been little influenced by their place of birth. Perhaps a little austerity the more, a scarcely perceptible coldness, makes the division between them and their fellow-courtiers and poets over the Border.

In Sir Edwin Arnold's new volume he leads off with a poem in praise of the Press, which has a too "occasional" air for its position. "Our Lady of the Lamp" is a pretty epithet, and Sir Edwin rings his changes on his modern theme deftly. But through the greater portion of the book he is faithful to his old mistress, the East. He has been "East of Suez" with Mr. Kipling's Tommy, and the spicy garlic smells follow him even to Fleet Street. He has a long poem of Mohammed's wives and their talk while they watch their lord dying; he has an epilogue from the "Mahabharata," and many little Japanese poems no longer than a bird's flight from tree to tree. "A Japanese Soldier" is a stirring ballad, and there are a good many felicitously-rendered "Ghazals" from Hafiz. Sir Edwin would do well to pepper his pages less plentifully with strange words.

Mr. Norman Gale keeps his enviable faculty of bringing the country airs to town, his natural gift of singing. One was afraid with the first issues of the "Country Muse" that his was a little, though exquisite talent, bound to be soon exhausted. But not a bit of it. He has as many changes as a blackbird, and is as little monotonous as the buttercups that follow each other year by year in his pastures. The additional poems in this "Country Muse" are better by an added naturalness. At first one was not sure that his milkmaids were not fine ladies masquerading, but there can be no mistake about "Mary Vance." Would that the more pretentious poets—or nine-tenths of them—were singing so natural and delicate a strain; then Olympus Hill were verily in the woodlands.

"When I was young and had the skill
To take the tune of Cupid's making,
And teach my sweetheart from the hill
A pretty trick for dear escaping;
When by the constant lavender,
Or gipsy rose she stayed to parley,
Oh, cheerily went my feet to her
Along the road to Varley.

Ah, Mary Vance, when you with me
Were keeping starlit company,
The mile of bliss,
The laugh and kiss,
From Shepperton to Varley!

Not warm enough my lips to keep
The lips of Death from cold caresses.
Oh, weary head, to never sleep
Upon her heart, amid her tresses!
No more to watch the foam of light
Run lipping over seas of barley,
For Death the harvester by night
Went down the road to Varley.

Ah, Mary Vance, when you with me
Were keeping starlit company,
The mile of sweet
Between the wheat,
From Shepperton to Varley."

There is another exquisite new lyric, "Birdlip," over which one lingers with delight; but the whole book is fresh and fragant, compound of apple-blossoms and bird-songs. Once Mr. Gale makes a shocking bad rhyme, especially unpardonable in so delicate a book. "Orchestra" and "there" can by no manner of means run in double harness.

"Mariana" is another translation, by his devout admirer, Mr. Graham, of a drama of the Spanish Ibsen, Echegaray. "Mariana" is a cleaner tragedy and less psychological than we receive from Ibsen. The heroine is a fine creature, somewhat warped by the dreary shame and tragedy which have overshadowed her childhood. The coquetry, the passion of her feeling for Daniel, are essentially Spanish. But the play tends inevitably to the crowning tragedy of her discovery that Daniel is the son of the man who had betrayed her mother, and whose infamies she had witnessed long ago in that nightmare childhood. Mariana marries a man who will save her from her love—who will defend his honour, even by killing her. The slaying comes on her wedding night, when Daniel's passion and her own heart have nearly made her forget that he is Felix Alvarado's son, and she the wife of Don Pablo. It is a gloomy tragedy, certainly, but there is nothing unwholesome in it. Echegaray would hardly rank with Dr. Nordau as degenerate: his tragedies are bloody enough, but there are no stealing shadows, no innuendoes, no whisper at all from the night side of human nature.

Mrs. Webster's posthumous and unfinished book of sonnets suggests inevitable comparison with the work of Mrs. Browning, though she has neither the depth of feeling nor the want of reserve of the greater woman Mrs. Browning's sonnets were her finest work, because in them she was constrained by fetters beyond her power to evade, but even there she often failed artistically by an over-accentuation, a lack of reticence that took from her real strength. Mrs. Webster is always balanced and harmonious. But her motives are those Mrs. Browning would have loved, and would have expressed with greater passion and less gentleness. The love of a mother for an only daughter unfolds itself beautifully in these twenty-seven sonnets, which increase in natural simplicity and power of expression as they go on, so that the most beautiful of the sonnets is also the last. It is one of a set which makes rejoinder to the mother of many children who has belittled the mother of one.

Since first my little one lay on my breast,
I never needed such a second good,
Nor felt a void left in my motherhood
She filled not always to the utterest.
The summer linnet by glad yearnings pressed,
Builds room enough to house a callow brood:
I prayed not for another child—nor could;
My solitary bird had my heart's nest.

But she is cause that any baby thing
If it but smile is one of mine in truth
And every child becomes my natural joy:
And, if my heart gives all youth fostering,
Her sister, brother, seems the girl or boy:
My darling makes me mother to their youth.

The motive of such poetry is an eternal one, and we can only be grateful for this pure and perfect expression of it. The strange thing is that the poetry of women has had so little expression of motherhood, and that little so often inadequate.

"The Veiled Figure" has some blank verse very far indeed from being contemptible. The book suffers from a propagandist spirit, which is fatal to most work of the imagination, but it has passages of strength and beauty which make one regret that the author did not set out to make poetry and not preach some social gospel or other. The drama which gives the book its title is stately and flows musically. This speech of Apollodorus to Hestia is an example of how admirably at times its anonymous author can use the medium through which so much of the greatest English poetry finds expression:—

"Draw near and lay thy shining head
Here on my shoulder while I fold thee close,
Close in my arms. This is our marriage night,
And all the eternal eyes above look down
To mingle their pale fires with that which glows
Deep in our souls, as deathless as their own.
Love, canst thou sing to me that little song
Thou mad'st when first we loved, and all the world
Broke into song, as when the laughing waves
Bore Cytherea, sprung of ocean foam
And elemental fire, to her far isle,
Sea-washed, for endless worship?"

The maker of this passage ought to do better things than the volume before us.

FICTION.

CELIBATES. By George Moore. London: Walter Scott, Limited.

ANOTHER WICKED WOMAN. By G. A. Grant-Forbes. (The "Autonym" Library.) London: Fisher Unwin.

STOLEN SOULS. By William Le Queux. London: Tower Publishing Company.

HONOUR OF THIEVES. A Novel. By C. J. Cutcliffe Hyne. London: Chatto & Windus.

"CELIBATES" will not be Mr. George Moore's most popular work, but we are not sure that it will not be that which the critics will cite hereafter as the most typical example of his method. It is an unpleasant book, dealing with distinctly unpleasant persons, and one at least of the three stories deals with an incident that ought to lie outside the domain of fiction. Yet, despite these drawbacks to the popularity of "Celibates," it is a book which deserves to be studied, if not for its own sake, at least for the sake of the art which has been employed in its production. Mr. Moore's method of workmanship is a special one, and it deserves attentive study. Apparently he never improvises, nor is he under the influence of sudden inspirations of feeling. He builds up his picture inch by inch, as it were, and we can well imagine that he often alters, and, in doing so, always amends. His genius—and genius he unquestionably has—gives him the first broad sketch of the character he seeks to present to us; but it is only by patient and untiring workmanship that he converts his own sketch into the finished picture he offers to the world. It is in this process that he shows himself to be—if we may venture in writing of him to use the terms of art-criticism—the pre-Raffaelite of modern novelists. The art of the pre-Raffaelites, though dependent so largely upon technical skill, and a laborious fidelity to minute details, was only successful when there was a soul behind the picture, or, in other words, when the artist had a full and vivid conception, not merely of the trivial details he was about to paint, but of the scope and meaning of the picture as a whole. There is always soul behind the wonderfully executed pre-Raffaelite pictures that we owe to Mr. Moore. Take "Mildred Lawson," the longest of the three stories in "Celibates," as an example. The ordinary reader may be forgiven if at the first careless perusal he sees nothing but what is disagreeable in the sketch. Certainly the heroine makes no appeal to the sympathies of the reader. She jilts her honest Philistine lover, deserts the brother who loves and protects her, and plunges into a series of adventures in the world which are more, rather than less, immoral because she is always able to keep herself on the right side, so far as the physical virtue of chastity is concerned. The careless reader of the book merely regards Mildred Lawson as an odious minx, who is wholly unworthy of the art that has been employed in depicting her. Yet nothing is more certain than that Mr. Moore has given us here a marvellous portrait of a type which, if not common, is at all events sufficiently distinctive and important to deserve the attention of the student of human nature. The cold-blooded woman whose licentiousness of mind and heart never betrays her into licence of action unquestionably exists amongst us, and it is well that a writer of the brilliant capacity of Mr. Moore should have made a study of her, and painted her for us with consummate skill and, we are glad to say, with unerring taste. "Celibates" may not be popular at the railway bookstalls, but it is a remarkable book that adds to the reputation of its author.

"Another Wicked Woman" is a powerful little story in which we are treated to a more or less familiar air upon the old string. The title is sarcastic, the desire of the author manifestly being that the reader should feel that the heroine is by no means wicked in reality. Nor are we disposed to dispute this view of her case. The wife, neglected and insulted, who breaks bonds that are repugnant to her very womanhood, has a right to a fair hearing from the world; but we doubt the wisdom of making little romances out of stories like that of the heroine of this tale, and we are not at all doubtful as to the inexpediency of telling the story of her temptation and her fall in the way in which it is told here.

Mr. Le Queux is coming rapidly to a front place among writers of romance, and the volume of stories which he has just published under the title of "Stolen Souls" will certainly not hinder him on his upward path. It deals for the most part with themes that have long been favoured by romance-writers—Nihilist conspiracies, beautiful adventuresses, escapes from Siberian mines, robberies and murders at home and abroad. But though the themes are trite enough, the treatment is distinctly fresh, and in one or two instances the reader is fairly surprised by the author's wealth of ingenuity and invention. "Fortune's Fool," for example, is a tale that begins on one line and then is suddenly transferred to another with infinite dexterity and with an effectiveness which the most ardent reader of sensational fiction will acknowledge. "Stolen Souls" is not a pretentious book, but within its covers will be found a collection of short stories that may be warranted to beguile the hours spent in their perusal far more effectually than if the author had been intent upon a more ambitious effort.

Mr. Cutcliffe Hyne has achieved the creditable feat of writing a story which, although distinctly sensational in plot, is full of humorous observation and life-like characterisation. It is an achievement sufficiently uncommon to give his readers a feeling of gratitude to the author who, in "Honour of Thieves," has produced a story at once so thrilling and so amusing. His villains—and there is a formidable array of them—however scoundrelly may be their deeds, are never steeped in that intensity of moral blackness which commonplace writers love to depict. Whatever their crimes, they retain some trace of human feeling, and Mr. Cutcliffe Hyne shows much skill in enlisting his readers' sympathy for his villain-hero, Patrick Onslow, a gentleman whose adventures are of a decidedly criminal cast. Onslow is a man whose promising career has been blasted by the faithlessness of a woman. Throwing up his diplomatic appointment, the jilted lover becomes a restless wanderer over the globe, and finally something of a pirate and a desperado. In this capacity he lends himself to the perpetration of a gigantic and most audacious robbery, planned by a certain wealthy city merchant of unblemished reputation and unscrupulous dishonesty. This person, Mr. Theodore Shelf, is not only a rogue of the first water, but, despite his supposed wealth, is really tottering on the very brink of a vast financial crash, one which must involve the ruin of hundreds of innocent victims. At this momentous crisis he meets Patrick Onslow, and learns from him that he has accidentally discovered a hidden navigable channel on the west coast of Florida, which is, as yet, unknown even to the Government surveyors, and unmarked on any sea-chart. Mr. Shelf thereupon hatches a scheme to cheat his creditors and secure his own future prosperity by hiding within this channel a steamer laden with a cargo of five hundred thousand sovereigns. With this fortune, which is entirely the outcome of his secret frauds and embezzlements in England, the worthy merchant intends to solace himself during that period of compulsory retirement from British soil which he sees impending. To carry out his rascally project Mr. Shelf engages the services of Onslow and a sea-captain of trustworthy ruffianism. To these two confederates there presently happen a series of astounding adventures, whose nature we will on no account divulge here. Suffice it to say that the story is absolutely bristling with amusement and excitement, whilst an air of probability is cleverly cast over its most wildly sensational incidents. "Honour of Thieves" is a really capital book, and we cordially recommend it to all in search of an entertaining novel.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.*

Colonel Maude has turned "Five Years in Madagascar" to excellent account in a volume of shrewd personal impressions. He calls his book a mosaic, and such a description is not inappropriate, since it consists of vivid little patches of information concerning places and people, manners and customs, and picturesque aspects of native life. Colonel Maude went to the island on an informal diplomatic mission in 1888, so that his five years' sojourn ended within easy reach of recent dramatic events. We do not propose to follow him in this brief notice into the troubled arena of Malagasy politics, especially as he has already ventilated his views with tolerable frankness through articles in public journals and letters to the Press. Colonel Maude thinks that the present Prime Minister of Madagascar is one of the most clever diplomatists of his time, and the fact that he has retained power for a period of twenty-seven years seems to bear out the statement. He is very ambitious, has made himself greatly feared, and exercises almost unlimited authority under the shelter of the Queen's name. He trusts none of his counsellors, but keeps himself on the alert, and is exceptionally well-informed, and, in consequence, is always ready to nip in the bud any movement which seems likely to prove hostile to his own supremacy. The Queen—she is described as gentle and intelligent—is the sole owner of the land, and a Malagasy cannot possess a yard of it without her sanction. Labour is exceedingly cheap, and Colonel Maude thinks well of the country as a field for emigration. As to the crops which can be profitably grown, perhaps the best are vanilla, cocoa, tobacco, cloves, tea, sugar, coffee, arrowroot, and nearly all kinds of tropical fruits. Although the French have rather an indifferent reputation as colonists, they have at least succeeded in that direction in New Caledonia, and Colonel Maude thinks that Madagascar bears in many respects a strong resemblance to that country. "My own opinion is that if the French lay aside their Chauvinism and their jealousy of the English, and honestly set to work to govern the country upon just and humanitarian principles, the world at large will be the gainer." The mineral wealth of Madagascar, it is hinted in these pages, is scarcely likely to prove as great as is commonly supposed; but in a territory larger than France there cannot fail to be, as these pages point out, untold possibilities, and its development is one of the chief commercial problems of the coming century. The publication of such a book is opportune at the present moment, though it must be added that it is written for the most part in a disjointed and superficial manner.

The artless confessions of an intimate diary, and the quaint records of a prim commonplace-book, are both represented in "Pages from the Day-Book of Bethia Hardacre." The lady in question is a lover of the beautiful in literature and art, and the flavour of the old romance lends piquancy to this treasury of things old and new, wise and otherwise. Miss Bethia Hardacre's reflections are at times somewhat trite in idea and mannered in expression, but they are more frequently fresh and suggestive, and daintily rounded in phrase. Quotation would carry us too far, but the book is one for an idle mood, and those who bring to its perusal imagination and fancy are certain to appreciate its pretty conceits, sentimental rhapsodies, old-world learning in herbals and flowers, and genial self-portraiture. There is humour in the book, and no lack of the kind of knowledge which dreamers gather in Lotus-land.

"Garden Flowers and Plants" is the title of a modestly-written but thoroughly practical and well-informed manual for amateurs. The name of its author carries weight, for Mr. Wright is editor of "Garden Work," and the Chief Instructor in Horticulture for the Surrey County Council. The aim of the volume is to show ordinary people who delight in flowers and yet know nothing about their culture, how to turn their little garden plots in town and suburb to the best advantage in the cultivation of hardy annuals, bulbs, and bedding plants. The hints which Mr. Wright gives are clear and explicit, and it would be difficult to name another book which brings into the same moderate compass so much information. He mentions the trees and shrubs which flourish best in villa gardens, and then passes on to the best method of making and keeping a lawn. Afterwards, mounds and rockeries, boundary hedges, raised beds of flowers, and arbours and wall-covering plants, are described, and this is in turn followed by detailed instructions for the cultivation of flowers in winter and spring as well as in summer and autumn. Special garden favourites are dealt with in the closing pages of the book, such as carnations and picotees, pansies and pinks, dahlias and chrysanthemums, violets and roses. There is a good index to the volume, and fifty illustrations, and this self-styled "primer for amateurs" is certainly good change for a shilling.

The second volume, just issued, of the transactions of the *Political Economy Circle*, of the National Liberal Club, differs in one important respect from its predecessor. The first volume contained merely selections from the papers written for and discussed at the meetings of the society; this second volume gives all the essays read before the Political Economy Circle since the late autumn of 1891. The subjects discussed in the volume include the Economic effects of an Eight Hours Day for Coal Miners, Monopoly, Rents on Capital, Some Economic and Commercial Aspects of the Land Question, the Distribution of Real Property in France, and the Marxian Theory of Value. Amongst the contributors of papers which formed the subject of debate, were Dr. J. E. C. Munro, the Rev. W. Moore Ede, Mr. Belfort Bax, Mr. H. H. Hyndman, Professor H. S. Foxwell, and M. Yves Guyot, late Minister of Public Works in France. The only points on which the members of the society claim to be in agreement in their corporate capacity are the importance of economical science, and the "advantage of the friendly discussion of any economic thesis" advanced by persons not obviously incompetent to handle such problems. The vigour, and in some cases, the audacity of the arguments which are stated in these lively and suggestive pages, show that the Political Economy Circle has succeeded in enlisting the sympathies and co-operation of a number of thoughtful students of the political and social problems of the age.

Organists and choirmasters, and indeed all who are interested in the historical aspects and traditions of psalmody, will find much to their mind in Mr. Atherton Knowles' "Text-book of Anglican Service-Music." The subject is as difficult as it is—at all events to certain people—fascinating, and in these pages it is handled with adequate scholarship and judgment. Mr. Knowles traces the Tallis development of Anglican music, under Tallis, and its subsequent expansion under musicians under Gibbon, Purcell, and Wesley. Justice is done not only to the remarkable genius of Purcell, but to less known composers of vanished generations, such as Rogers and Aldrich, Croft, Hayes, and Boyce. The book brings within brief compass many significant facts and much sound criticism, and its value as a popular manual of a great movement is not open to question.

*Five Years in Madagascar, with Notes on the Military Situation. By Colonel Francis Cornwallis Maude, V.C., C.B.—Pages from the Day-Book of Bethia Hardacre. By Ella Fuller Maitland. London: Chapman & Hall.

Garden Flowers and Plants. A Primer for Amateurs. By J. Wright, F.R.H.S. Illustrated. London and New York: Macmillan & Co.

Political Economy Circle (National Liberal Club) Transactions. Vol. II. Edited by J. H. Levy, Honorary Secretary of the Circle. London: P. S. King & Son.

Text-Book of Anglican Service-Music. By Atherton Knowles, M.A. London: Elliot Stock.

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